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THE ROYAL YACHT:
—OR,—
LOGAN THE WARLOCK.

A Revolutionary Romance of Sea and Land Adventure.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XI.

A DOUBLE RESCUE, WITH A STRANGE FINALE.

WHEN Kate Garland left Edward she hurried towards home with quick, nervous steps, for she was not without some fear. The distance was perhaps half a mile and the way lay along by a hedge that enclosed part of her father's grounds. It was nearer dark than she had thought, for the twilight had deepened into darker shades, and distant objects were faint and indistinct. The maiden had travelled about one third of the distance when she was startled by the sound of heavy footsteps. They were approaching her from towards the river which lay only a few rods to her left. She cast her eyes quickly towards the point from whence the sound proceeded, and she could just distinguish the form of a man coming towards her. He was nearly abreast of her, and was hurrying up at a quick walk. Kate's first impulse was to run, and she started off with all the speed she could command; but still she heard the footsteps behind her, and she knew they were gaining upon her. She did not look around, but she shrieked with all her might. Nearer came the steps of the pursuer, until they were almost upon her, and yet she had not gained half the distance to her home. She shrieked once more, and while the shrill notes were yet reverberating upon the night air, there was a heavy hand laid upon her shoulder.

"Ah, Miss Kate, I've got ye at last. Hold on. Don't struggle, ye can't get away."

"Larry Burke, let me go!"

"No, no, Katy. I've got ye now, an' I'll teach yer father who's to be kicked out o' doors."

Burke was a strong man, and a reckless one, and as he seized the affrighted girl he dragged her quickly towards him. She gazed up into his face, and she could see through the gloom that there was a scowl of malignant triumph resting there.

"Let me go, Larry Burke," she cried, still struggling with all her might. "Let me go!"

"Not yet, Katy Garland," said the man, in a sort of savage whisper. "I've been watchin' ye, an' now I've got ye. I love ye, Kate, so come along."

"O, for the love of heaven, sir, let me go," cried the maiden, trying to sink upon her knees and clasp her hands, but the villain would not let her go down.

"I don't know noth'n' 'bout heaven," he muttered, as he held her forcibly up. "You be all I care for now, I tell ye, my pretty girl; Larry Burke ar'n't the man to be kicked. So come along."

It was in vain that Kate struggled, and in vain that she begged and entreated. The strong man seized her in his stout arms and bore her back towards the point from whence he had first given chase. When Kate tried to scream he placed his big hand upon her mouth, and he threatened to hurt her if she did not remain still.

"Tell me where you are carrying me to?" she gasped, as Burke turned away from the main path toward a little footbridge that crossed the river.

"Never mind. I'll carry you to a place where you'll be safe enough, never fear."

The poor girl was too weak with fright and fatigue to make much more resistance, but she attempted to scream, and the villain again clapped his hand upon her mouth. Just as they reached the bridge, Kate thought she heard her name pronounced by some one at a distance, and on the instant she made one mighty effort, and freeing her mouth from the man's hand, she screamed as loudly as possible.

"Look here, my fine lady, that wont do. If you make another such yell as that, I'll gag ye—now see if I don't. You'll have the whole country at our heels. Come—hurry along."

Burke now had the maiden mostly in his arms, and after he had crossed the narrow bridge he hurried on more rapidly. They had not gone far, however, ere quick footsteps were heard behind, and a voice was heard crying out the name of Kate.

"That's the result of your yellin', you noisy baggage," uttered Burke, as he lifted the maiden entirely from the ground and quickened his pace. "Be careful! You try to yell agin, an' I'll clap a stopper on yer jaw that'll make ye sing another song!"

But Larry Burke could not run fast enough to keep clear of his pursuer. It was soon evident to him that if he held on to his prize he must be overtaken; but he had no idea of relinquishing his prize so easily, so he laid his plans for defending it. He suddenly stopped and set Kate upon the ground.

"Now you stay there," he said, "and if you attempt to run, I'll shoot ye. You don't git away from me so easy."

Hardly had he ceased speaking when a man came hurrying up to the spot.

"Where is Kate?" he cried, in accents of the most intense solicitude.

It was Sir Walter McDoane; and had it been an angel from heaven Kate could not have been more suddenly overjoyed.

"Here I am!" she cried. "O, save me, Sir Walter, save me!"

"Ah! Sir Walter McDoane, is it!" hissed Larry Burke, as he put forth his strong arm and pushed the maiden back. "You'd better not meddle here, sir. You'd better go now while you've got life to go with, for I'll send a streak o' daylight through yer body if ye trouble me."

But Sir Walter was not the man to be thus turned from his purpose, for quick as thought he leaped forward and grasped the villain by the throat. Burke had a pistol in his hand, and he fired it, but the ball took no effect. He then drew his knife and made a lunge at the baronet, striking him in the right shoulder. The wound was a deep one, and as Sir Walter loosened his hold upon the villain's neck, the latter bore him to the ground, and raised his knife again. Kate saw the bright blade gleaming in the starlight, and with a frantic cry she darted forward and caught the uplifted arm. She had just power enough to prevent the blow, and as Burke wrenched his arm from her a new person appeared upon the spot, being no less an individual than Logan, the Warlock.

"What means this?" he uttered, as he came upon the scene, holding a cocked pistol in his hand.

"O, save Sir Walter! save him—save him!" shrieked Kate, regaining her presence of mind at the sight of a new friend. "He tried to save me from this villain!"

Logan seemed to comprehend the state of affairs in an instant, and stepping quickly forward he placed the muzzle of his pistol to the villain's temple. There was no chance for consideration, for the knife was already raised, and without a word Logan fired. Burke uttered no groan, for his brain was blown to the four winds, and like a leaden weight he rolled over upon the ground. Sir Walter got upon his feet, and as soon as he recognized his preserver he extended his left hand.

"Logan," he said, "I owe you a debt of gratitude which I hope I may at some day be able to repay."

"Yes," bluntly returned the Warlock; "but we wont talk of gratitude now. If I am not mistaken you are wounded?"

"So I am," said the baronet, with a slight groan. "The fellow gave me a pretty deep cut in my shoulder, and it is bleeding pretty freely now."

"Then we must attend to it at once. Let me help you remove your coat, and we'll soon find it."

The coat was accordingly slipped from the right arm, though not without causing the baronet considerable pain, and then Logan tore the shirt away without ceremony. There was light enough to enable the old man to distinguish the wound, and having obtained Sir Walter's handkerchief, he folded it up into a thick wad and laid it over the cut.

"Now, Kate," he said, turning towards the maiden, "you must spare your scarf, for that will be just the thing for a bandage here. You wont miss it."

Kate answered not a word, but quickly tearing off her scarf she sprang forward and placed it in Logan's hand.

"That's it," the old man said. "That'll stop the flow of blood, and when we get where there's a light, we'll fix it up as it should be."

"And do you think he is much hurt?" tremblingly asked the girl.

"No, no, Kate," quickly returned Sir Walter. "I'm not much injured. Do not be alarmed."

"You don't know yet how much you are hurt, Walter McDoane."

The baronet started and gazed hard into the face of the Warlock. It seemed to be something in the tones of the voice that moved him. But the gloom was too deep to trace the old man's features clearly, and Sir Walter raised his hand and laid it upon his preserver's shoulder.

"You have saved my life," he said, "and now why will you not tell me to whom I am indebted?"

"Because there is no need that you should know more than you now know. But come, you may lean upon me, and I will assist you to Captain Garland's dwelling. You can walk, Kate?"

"O, yes sir."

"Then let us move on. This villain's carcase may be attended to to-morrow. You need not fear to trust me, Sir Walter, for I am surely not the man to mean you harm."

The baronet made no reply, but he took the old man's proffered arm, and then the party started on. The wounded man was weaker than he had thought, but he did not groan, nor did he tell Kate how much blood he had lost. Logan knew it all, for he felt how heavily Sir Walter leaned upon him.

It was nine o'clock when the trio reached the house, and they found the old captain in a world of trouble and perplexity. He knew that the baronet had gone out after Kate, and he wondered why they had not returned. His fear was, that his child had fled from him; but when he found out what had happened, he forgot to ask Kate why or where she had been, and at once turned his attention to his suffering friend, having first, however, assured himself that his child was unharmed. As soon as Sir Walter had reached the sitting-room and sat down upon the sofa, old Garland hastened away after his case of cordials, and having brought it he offered some brandy to the invalid.

"Here, Sir Walter," he said, "take a good swallow of this, and then I'll send off after the doctor."

"What may that be?" asked Logan, as the baronet put forth his hand.

"Brandy," returned the captain. "The best of old Cognac," he added, with an expressive smack of the lips.

"Then I would advise the baronet not to touch it. He may take a little wine if he thinks he needs it, but even that would do him no good. If he would escape a fever he must avoid all stimulants."

Garland did not take this interference with a very good grace, for Cognac was a universal remedy with him; but McDoane had more prudence. He thanked the captain for his kindness, and asked for a cup of cold water.

"Cold water!" muttered the old sea-master, with a real shudder. "Ugh! But then you can do as you have a mind to."

"And as for the doctor," resumed Logan, "you can send for him, or not, just as you like, "though I doubt much if you will find one who can handle the case better than I can."

Sir Walter remembered what old David Morgan had told him of the Warlock's powers as a leech, and he resolved to trust him with his wound, and having signified this intention, he was at once removed to his chamber, where towels, water, bandages, etc., were soon brought. The scarf and handkerchief were taken off, and the blood began to flow again, but it was soon stopped, and then Logan began to probe the wound.

"What do you think of it?" asked Sir Walter.

"It is a bad cut," returned the Warlock. "I may as well tell you the truth, and then you'll know just what to depend upon."

"Of course," returned the baronet, but yet with a shade of uneasiness upon his countenance. "Tell me just what you think of it."

"Well, then: First, there is no danger if you are perfectly quiet, and follow my directions. Second, you will have to be confined two weeks, at least; and, third, you will be a very weak man, and must take care of yourself accordingly. That rascal's knife struck just forward of the shoulder-blade, and slipped down into rather a dangerous place; but there's nothing done that is necessarily fatal."

Sir Walter expressed a willingness to abide strictly by Logan's directions, and the old man accordingly went at once to work to dress the wound. He handled the job like one who was perfectly at home in the work, and in less than an hour from the time he entered the house, the wounded man was neatly dressed and enjoying comparative ease.

It was not until this was done that Captain Garland could spare much time to examine the appearance of the man who had thus proved himself both a saviour and a physician. Logan had sat down by the bedside, and now held the invalid's wrist in his hand, and as Garland gazed upon him, there was a shade came over his face. At first he trembled, but he soon overcame that, and only looked with a sort of inquisitive wonder.

"Sir," he said, drawing nearer to the strange man, "have not I seen you before?"

"Perhaps you have," calmly replied the Warlock, raising his sharp, gray eyes to his interlocutor's face.

"But I am sure of it. Who are you?"

"You are not the first man who has asked me that question, nor will you be the first who has remained unanswered."

"But you are surely somebody," half murmured Garland.

"Ay, so he is," responded McDoane, betraying the interest he felt in the matter.

"Stop, stop," quickly commanded Logan, looking first upon his patient, and then upon the captain. "This will not do. You had better not let this subject occupy your mind now, for it will only bother you, and you have enough else to think of. You must rest to-night, and to-morrow I will come and see you again. Keep up a good heart, for there is nothing like a good heart and a clear conscience in such cases."

As Logan spoke he turned towards the door, and the captain followed him. He would have passed through the hall, but Garland detained him.

"You will not leave my house to-night," said the latter.

"I must, for I have business elsewhere, but I shall return this way to-morrow."

"Then remain while I ask you one question," said Garland, betraying considerable perturbation.

"Go on," answered Logan, with something like a smile upon his face.

"Then tell me who and what you are?"

"That's a strange question to ask of me, sir. I am Logan, and people call me the Warlock."

"But you are more than that. You are more than Logan, and more than a Warlock. Tell me more?"

"Not now, Barry Garland. You may set your wits at work if you please, and if you can hit the truth you may profit by it."

"By my soul, I think I know you!" exclaimed Garland. And then he added, in a lower tone; "And yet that cannot be, for *him* I saw when he could not have been as you are now. But you are—"

"Speak on, Barry Garland."

"Tell me who ye be?"

"No, no. The time has not come yet. Let not my coming make a change in your plans."

"Plans, sir?"

"Ay, Garland. In your plans; for I know well what they are. But go on, and be sure if you attempt to go too far a power mightier than your own shall draw you back!"

As Logan thus spoke he turned and left the hall. He opened the front door and passed out, and soon his footsteps died away in the distance. Barry Garland stood there in the hall, and listened until he could no longer hear the footfall; and then he sought his own room, where he had left a light burning. He sank down upon a chair, and his face was deadly pale.

"O, heavens! it cannot be!" he murmured to himself. "It is only a strange resemblance. And yet his words—his voice—his look—"

Barry Garland was not able to assure himself as he wished, for the features of that old Warlock had struck him too deeply to be put away without fear.

CHAPTER XII.

ON A MISSION.

WHEN Logan left the dwelling of Captain Garland, he took the way that led to the northward towards Bedford, and before midnight he crossed the line into New York. He was now in a narrow, rough road, which was neither fit for a carriage nor foot path. Heavy wagons had lumbered along there and cut deeply into the soft, clayey soil, and it was next to impossible for the pedestrian to pick his way along without stumbling into the deep ruts. Yet the Warlock picked his way out much better than might have been expected, and at length he stopped in front of a small house that stood at a short distance from the road. It was now sometime past midnight, but yet there was a light burning in one of the rooms. Logan went up to the door and knocked. A man put his head out at one of the small square windows, and asked who it was that knocked for admittance at such an hour."

"It's Logan," returned the old man.

The person within then closed the window, and in a few moments more the door was opened.

"You come at a strange hour," said the host, as he ushered the way to the room where the light was burning.

"I can't help that, Mark Mallon. I met with an adventure on the road that detained me," returned Logan, as he took a seat.

This Mark Mallon was a stout, thick-set fellow, with a cunning expression of countenance, somewhere about the middle-age of life, and bearing upon his features pretty plainly the stamp of a reckless, heartless man. The room into which he had ushered his guest was quite large, occupying one half of the whole house, and the atmosphere was loaded with the fumes of tobacco-smoke. Upon the large table that stood in the centre of the room were numerous pewter tankards, and its surface was nearly covered with the glutinous remains of beer. There had evidently been a large gathering there, and the party could not have been gone long either, for the noxious smoke of the pipes still hung in little clouds over the room.

"Well, Logan," said Mallon, as he lit his pipe by the blaze of the lamp, "I 'spose you've made up your mind to jine us, aint ye?"

"I am too old for that, and besides, I have other matters upon my hands," replied Logan. "But what have you been doing to-night? I see your company have been here."

"Yes, the company have been here, but you mustn't expect 'at I shall tell you what we've been doin', for we aint hardly ready to trust ye. You wont jine us, an' ye wont help us."

"Well, well, never mind. Mark Mallon, I have a way of my own of finding out secrets."

"Ay, but we do mind, Logan," replied the other, removing his pipe from his mouth. "We do mind, old man, for you have it in your power to betray us."

"I can't betray you if I don't know your secrets," quietly remarked the Warlock.

"But you know more of 'em than you ought'r know."

"Come, come, Mark, you are only taking a course now to provoke me, and you should beware how you do that. I have never sought your confidence, nor have I made you any pledges. I only asked you to help me towards finding out a thing which I wished to know. Now have any of your people seen Sir Walter McDoane, yet?"

"Yes. They saw him the very last night that ever was. He had just got back from Boston."

"Ah," uttered Logan, with sudden interest, "and what answer did you get from him?"

"Not such an one as we 'spected," answered Mark.

"How so?"

"Why, you rather made us think 'at he'd jine us."

"And I thought that he might."

"Well—he wont."

"Did he give you any reasons for his decision?"

"Reasons! Why, yes. I s'pose you might call 'em reasons. He said he wished every real tory in the colonies was hung! That's a pretty chap for you to send us after, aint it! He said 'twas bad enough for the colonists to have their country overrun with the British without havin' their own blood turn agin 'em! Now I should like to know for why you sent us after such a man as that for, eh?"

Logan could not repress a sudden expression of gratification which sprang to his countenance as he heard of this result; and that expression did not escape the keen glance of Mark Mallon.

"Come, come, old man," continued the latter, in no very gentle tone, "I should like to know for why you sent us after McDoane. Did you think he would jine us?"

"I thought he *might* join you," replied Logan, gazing thoughtfully into his companion's face. "But then you are sure he will not?"

"*Sure?* Why, he said if he was goin' to jine either side, he'd go with the colonies. That's a pooty man for the king, aint it!"

Again that look of gratification came to the face of the Warlock, and again Mark Mallon noticed it.

"Well, said Logan, "it seems that he is not your man—though perhaps you did not offer him sufficient inducement to join you."

"Yes we did. We've got all the blank commissions from the English commander, and we offered to fill out the capt'n's commission for him, but he only spurned it. I don't believe you ever thought he'd jine us. I believe you knew he wouldn't."

"No, no, Mallon, I did not *believe* anything about it. I thought he might be as likely to join you as not, and I wished to ascertain exactly how he stood. If he had joined you, you would have obtained a valuable man, and even as it is, you have not lost anything. You have merely made a trial, and—"

"*Failed!*" interrupted Mallon, with considerable spitefulness. "Now, Logan, our folks begin to mistrust you. You 'ave hung around us, and never would jine us, nor promise to jine us; an' now this last thing looks rather dark."

"Mark Mallon, I had no sinister motives in sending you after Sir Walter McDoane. If you gave *him* any clue to your measures—"

"O, we didn't. Don't think we was such fools as all that comes to."

"Then where has been the injury in my sending you after him?"

"There haint been no injury, only the question is, didn't you mean that there should be? Answer that!"

"No, I did not," said Logan, as he arose from his seat. "I sent you there in perfect good faith, though I must say that I am disappointed in the result."

"Ay," retorted Mallon, with some irony in his tones, "but aint you disappinted the wrong way? Aint you glad 'at he didn't jine us?"

"That does not matter," returned Logan, without hesitation. "I wished to know how he stood in this matter, and to reward you for the trouble of finding out, I gave you the chance to secure a valuable member—a possible chance, at least. So on that score we are quits. With regard to my having hung about you, that is all in the way of mere chance. You first sought my assistance. You wanted information, and I freely gave it to you, and I gave you information, too, that you could have got from no other source. Now what do you mean by *doubting* me? Did I ever make any professions to you?"

"Well, I don't know as you ever did," replied Mallon, somewhat disconcerted. "But you aint goin' now, be you?"

"Yes, I have business."

"But you have not slept."

"I sleep by day when I work at night."

As Logan thus spoke he turned and opened the door. He did not notice the peculiar look that dwelt upon the face of the tory, but with a simple word of parting he passed out into the yard. He had entered the road and had gone some little distance, when he heard a hasty step behind him, and on turning he beheld Mark Mallon following him.

"What now?" asked the old man, as he stopped and turned fully about.

"I'll tell ye what," returned the tory, with a grinding tone, "I wont trust ye. Look here, Logan, you know too much for us, and we know 'at you aint with us. We resolved to-night 'at we wouldn't trust you, and we wont."

"Well, and what matters it?" replied the Warlock, speaking in a meaning but yet calm tone.

"Why, you mustn't go away till some of our people come in the mornin'. You'd better go back an' wait till then."

"But I cannot, Mark Mallon."

"And yet you must."

"*Must!*"

"Yes—you *must*. I had orders not to let you go if you came."

Without speaking Logan snatched a heavy pistol from his bosom and cocked it. This movement took the tory unawares, and he was upon the point of drawing a like weapon from his own pocket, when the old man interrupted him:

"Stop, stop, Mark Mallon! If you draw that pistol, I shall shoot you! You know me well enough to know that I will not make an idle threat. Now turn yourself about and march back to your house. Turn about, or I will fire!"

Mark Mallon hesitated. He was a stout man, but he possessed not the power to overcome the little leaden messenger that lay within the barrel of the presented pistol. Yet he had received his orders, and he liked not to leave them unobeyed; and then, again, he himself doubted the Warlock, and wished to secure him. But how was it to be done? He knew that if he drew his pistol he should be shot, and he also knew that if he made a motion of resistance or attack, the same result would be sure to follow. A cocked pistol has a wonderful power.

"Are you going to move?" asked Logan.

Mallon made no reply.

"Now mark me," added the old man, in a tone that was not to be mistaken. "I want you to go back to your house, for I would be on my way. Now I am going to count *six*, and if you have not turned by the time the last word drops from my lips you are a dead man! *One—two—three—four—five*—"

Mark Mallon did not stop to hear more, but at the sound of the word *five* he turned upon his heel and started back; but at a short distance he turned his head, and in a defiant tone, he said:

"You aint escaped yet, Logan. We'll have ye afore you think of it, and if ye make a movement towards betraying us you are a dead man."

Logan made no reply, but still kept his pistol presented, and when the tory had become lost in the gloom, he turned once more on his way back towards the coast, still keeping a watch, however, that he should not be surprised.

It was fairly sunrise when the Warlock reached Garland's dwelling, and as some of the domestics were stirring he found no difficulty in gaining access. He went at once to the chamber of his patient, and there he found Kate watching by the invalid's side. Sir Walter had slept most of the night, but he was a little feverish now, and his pulse beat more rapidly than usual. Kate would have withdrawn when the Warlock entered, but the old man bade her stay.

"Yes, let her stay," said the baronet, "for she is to be my nurse. Ah, I cannot fail to recover with such an attendant."

"It is my duty to attend him," said Kate, as she received an inquisitive look from the old man; "for it was to save me that he became thus injured."

"Very well," returned Logan. "Then I will leave the directions with you. You must be careful of your charge, for more depends upon the care that is taken of him, than upon any medications that can be given."

The old man thereupon gave directions for the treatment of the invalid, and after he was assured that everything would be done as he had directed he left. He did not see Captain Garland, for that individual was not yet up, and without stopping to speak with any one else he passed out and hastened off towards the bay.

CHAPTER XIII.

A PUZZLE.

It was about the middle of the forenoon that Kate came down into the sitting-room and found her father there. The old man was sitting at the table with his head bowed down upon it when she entered, but he started up on hearing her footsteps, and was at first somewhat agitated. He calmed himself, however, in a few moments, and then called his daughter to him.

"How is Sir Walter, this morning?" was his first question.

"Well," returned Kate, "I cannot exactly tell you; but he is easy, though. He is a little feverish, and the doctor says he needs care."

"Doctor!—what doctor?"

"Logan."

"But Logan has not been here, this morning?"

"Yes—he was here very early—before you were up."

Garland gazed up into his daughter's face with a look of surprise; but surprise soon gave place to another feeling, and he arose from his chair and went towards the window.

"Stop, stop," he uttered, as Kate moved towards the door, "I want to ask you a question. I want to speak with you."

The maiden stopped and turned back. She could not help trembling, for she had an instinctive perception of what was coming.

"Kate," said he, "young Edgerly was here last night. Perhaps you were aware of it?"

The girl saw how keenly her father was watching her, but she had not the mind to deceive him.

"Yes sir," she faintly replied. "I was aware of it, for I saw him."

"Ay—and you conversed with him?"

"Yes, father, I did."

"And you told him what I had said to you?"

"Yes."

"And did he tell you what I had said to him?"

"Yes."

"Then you know my mind. Now I have no desire to be unkind to you," he continued, as he noticed that his daughter was beginning to weep. "I have but followed the dictates of what I conceived to be my duty. Now with regard to Edward Edgerly, my mind is too firmly made up to change. It is my wish that you should never speak with him again," he added, decidedly.

"But if he should speak with me first?" murmured Kate, checking her sobs, and gazing timidly up at her father.

"Then pass him coldly by, for if he does so, he will do so against my express orders. Will you do that, my child?"

"Alas! I cannot make such a promise. Do not ask me now."

"But now is the time to ask it; and now is the time to have it settled. It is dangerous to tamper with this thing longer. Every moment you delay to make up your decision is but another link in the chain that shall bind you more firmly to disobedience. I would have you promise me now."

"O, spare me yet a while longer," urged the unhappy girl, clasping her hands and sinking upon her knees.

"And how much longer?"

"Until Sir Walter is recovered."

"On one condition will I promise not to speak of anything connected with this matter until that time, and that condition is, that you will not, under any circumstances, speak with Edward Edgerly in the interim. Will you promise me this?"

It was hard for Kate to make this promise, but she thought that she might send some word to her lover, nevertheless, and she bound herself to her father's condition, but she wept while she did so.

"Now," said Garland, as he turned towards the door, "you may rest awhile from your watching, for I will go and keep Sir Walter company myself."

Kate sat down by one of the windows, and her father sought the room of the invalid. He went there with a slow, heavy step, and when he entered the chamber there was a deep shade upon his countenance. He sat down by the bed and asked the baronet how he fared—how he had slept—how his wound felt, and how his courage was, and having received the respective answers, he broached the subject that lay nearest his heart at that time.

"Sir Walter," he said, "I noticed last night that you recognized Logan as some one whom you had seen before."

"Did you?" uttered the invalid, starting and slightly raising his head.

"I thought I did."

"So I thought *you* did."

"Me!" pronounced Garland, with a sudden shake.

"Yes, captain. From what I heard you say, I felt assured that you must have known him before—perhaps under different circumstances. Is it not so?"

"No, no," quickly and energetically replied the captain. "It cannot be that I ever knew him before, and yet I must say that—"

"That what?" asked Sir Walter, turning further over towards his host, and regarding him with unusual interest. "Say on, captain—say on."

"Well, I was going to say that he put me in mind of some one whom I had seen before. But how is it with you? What is the strange connection he has in your mind?"

"Ah, that is more than I can tell," murmured the sick man, closing his eyes and shuddering. "The thoughts his presence has stirred up lay far back in the past—away back among those hours when life was in its spring-time of hopes and passions."

"And who do you think he is?" whispered Garland.

McDoane started again and opened his eyes. Shadows swept across his pale face, and his lips trembled. There was something like a tear in his eye, but it soon disappeared, seeming to have gone back to the fount from whence it had come.

"I don't know," was his reply; but he spoke vacantly, as though his thoughts were not with his words.

"But you have some idea of what has moved you so," persisted Garland. "You must know something of what has caused such emotions in your bosom?"

"And yet, captain, he has caused the same in yours," said Sir Walter, looking at his host with a startling expression.

Garland bit his lips and hung down his head, for he seemed desirous now to hide the real interest he felt, but it was in vain. Every expression of his countenance showed how seriously he was moved, and he might as well have tried to conceal the fact of his own life. And with the baronet the case was the same. He, too, was surely trying to hide his strange emotions—to hide them from the captain? There were those two men, each trying to draw from the other some clue to the Warlock's real character—both evidently entertaining the most palpable suspicions—both deeply interested in the denouement—and yet both afraid to speak. They regarded each other in silence for a long while, and yet neither of them seemed to be studying so much upon the subject of the Warlock, as upon the probable thoughts of the other. At length Garland spoke.

"Well, Sir Walter," he said, in a sort of whisper, "have you thought yet who he can be?"

"No. Have you?" returned Sir Walter, starting from his reverie and regarding his companion curiously.

"But he seems to have interested you so much that I thought you might have discovered who he was by this time," said Garland.

"Surely, Barry Garland, I am no more interested than yourself," replied the baronet. And then he added, after a moment's thought—"We both seem to know the man, and yet do not know him. Now I will confess that the sight of him has caused a strange emotion in my bosom, but I cannot explain to you its nature. I know that I have either seen him before, or else he much resembles some one whom I have seen. But at all events I hope to solve the mystery ere I lose sight of him entirely."

"So do I," responded Garland, "for I, too, am moved by a cause which I cannot explain. I will confess that it appears to me that I have seen Logan before, but I cannot clearly call the thing to mind. Indeed I hope we may both know him better ere we lose him."

It was evidently a mutual desire between those two men that the subject should be for the present dropped, and yet it must be confessed that neither seemed satisfied with the manner in which the other had left the matter. If Garland felt sure that his companion had not told the whole truth, he was also aware of the fact that he himself had concealed much of his own mind; and such was exactly the case with Sir Walter, so they dropped the matter with the best grace possible.

"Now," said the baronet, in a low, tremulous tone, "I wish to speak with you upon a matter that lays next my heart. I would speak of Kate. She is an angel, and I must feel that as such she has influenced me to love her. Do you not think she will be reconciled to become mine for life?"

"Yes, yes, Sir Walter. I know what passed between you on the last evening you met in the sitting-room, and I also know that my child is only influenced by a mere whim in this matter of love. As for her loving that scapegrace of an Edgerly—"

"Stop, stop, captain. The young man does not surely deserve such an epithet, for he is really a brave, noble, generous youth, and I do not wonder that Kate should love him; but yet I think she might forget him. If she would become my wife I would love her so, and be so kind to her, that she would never wish for the love of another. O, Garland, something tells me that I could make Kate very happy."

"So I believe you could, Sir Walter," uttered Garland, with much feeling. "I know you could, and I know that you would, and I have told Kate so. As for young Edgerly, he may be a good sort of a fellow, but I like not the way he has disobeyed my orders. But let him pass. He will not see my daughter again. She shall be yours, my friend, for I have set my heart upon it. Her girlish whim will pass away when she finds that the cause of it is removed. Be under no apprehensions on that account."

"I hope she will love me, for I could not give her up now. But had I known in the first place that she loved another, I should not have allowed my heart thus to become so enwrapped in passion."

"She did not love another when you first knew her, Sir Walter. It is only since she confessed her love for you that she has allowed her fickle heart to fly away to the young privateer."

"Are you sure of this?"

"Certainly. As sure as I am that I'm alive."

But the baronet did not think so, notwithstanding this assurance. He remembered that Kate had spoken of young Edgerly as the love of even her childhood, and the thought thus engendered seemed to give him pain, for he moaned and turned heavily in his bed. Garland noticed that the invalid was fatigued, and thinking that further conversation might be injurious to him, he wisely resolved to say no more at present, and as he arose to leave, he promised to send Kate up to take his place.

At the door Garland stopped and looked back. There was an anxious, inquisitive look upon his face, and his lips were half parted as though he would speak, but he did not say anything. He passed slowly out, like one who has left an unfinished work behind him which he is loth to leave, and had one been close by him as he closed the door, the name of the Warlock might have been heard upon his lips, for his thoughts were all centered upon that strange man.

"'Tis strange!" he muttered to himself, as he stopped midway upon the staircase. "'Tis strange!" he repeated, shaking his head with an eager expression. "Sir Walter surely knows that man, and yet he will not tell me. O, I should like to know what he ever had to do with Logan. That might give me some clue. *I hope I am mistaken!*"

Thus spoke Barry Garland, and now what was the feeling of Sir Walter McDoane on the same subject? We will go back to his chamber and find out. As soon as the captain left the room the invalid settled back upon his pillow and closed his eyes, and for some moments his thoughts seemed to work heavily within him.

"By my soul," he at length murmured, opening his eyes and looking towards the door, "I think Garland knows who this Warlock is. I am sure he does. O, if I could only know what he *does* really think of the strange man, I should know better how to answer him. But even I may be mistaken in Logan's identity. *I hope I am!*"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FRIGATE AND BRIG.

It was not to be supposed that the British would suffer the loss of such a craft as the royal yacht, without making a desperate attempt to recover her. She belonged, or had belonged, to noblemen, and as the admiral had borrowed her for a purpose of his own, he felt it imperative upon him to do all in his power to recover her; and this he was now doing, and had been doing ever since he had first learned of her capture.

Early one morning a young American officer, wearing the uniform of a major, appeared upon the shore of Morgan's Bay, and made a signal to the yacht. A boat was at once sent for him, and when he reached the schooner he announced himself as Major George Langley. He was the bearer of despatches, or instructions, and he was to be carried to Norfolk, General Washington having made an arrangement with Captain Edgerly to that effect. Edward had been expecting him, so everything was ready for getting underweigh at once. The major had brought with him a letter of instructions to the young captain, and after he had read it, he gave orders for getting up the anchors and making sail. By nine o'clock in the forenoon the yacht was clear of the bay, and was able to stand on her course with a slack sheet, the wind being nearly north; but none of the light sails were set, for Edgerly did not wish to clear the sound before dark, as he feared that some of the enemy might be lurking about after him. Of course, a strict watch was set, and every precaution was taken to guard against surprise.

"Do you think there is much danger?" asked Major Langley, after he had heard the captain give some particular orders to the lookouts.

"Why, sir," returned Edward, with a smile, "of course there must be some danger."

"Of our not being able to get out of the sound, I mean?" explained the major. "Do not think, sir, that I fear any other trouble."

"I mean to get out if I can," was our hero's reply, "and shall run considerable risk if necessary. Of course we may suppose that the enemy will be on the watch for us, for they in all probability feel pretty sore at the loss of their yacht."

"Of course they must," said the major. "I am not much acquainted with maritime affairs, but yet I must be allowed to express the opinion that this is a vessel well worth capturing, and one which the owners could ill afford to lose."

Edward's eyes sparkled as he went on and pointed out the beauties of his craft, and more than an hour he devoted to explaining nautical affairs to the land officer.

It was shortly after noon, and the young captain and the major were at the dinner-table in the cabin. They had finished the meal, and were upon the point of uncorking a bottle of wine, when a movement upon the deck arrested the attention of the captain.

"Something's in the wind," he said, as he set the bottle down with the cork yet undrawn.

"You have quick ears," remarked the major. "I heard nothing."

"But I did. Something is wrong, you may depend upon it. You may remain and open the wine, while I go on deck and see what's turned up."

But before Edward got up, Mr Elliott came down.

"What's to pay now?" was our hero's first question.

"There's a sail in sight, sir," replied Elliott. "She came from that fog-bank off upon the shore here, and we didn't make her out till she was hull up. She's a frigate, sir, and—"

"*A frigate!*" exclaimed Edward, not stopping for his mate to finish his sentence. "By the cross of Saint George, then we must look alive! Hurry up, Elliott, and I'll follow you."

The mate returned to the deck, and as soon as Edward could get his glass he followed. The major did not stop to uncork his wine, for he felt too much interest in what was going on above. When the captain reached the deck he saw a heavy British frigate, not more than ten miles distant, upon the weather bow, and she was standing directly down for the yacht.

"Was that fellow standing in that way when you first made him out?" asked Edward, after he had viewed the frigate through his glass.

"No, sir," replied Elliott, "he was standing more to the westward; but as soon as he saw us he squared away. I guess he knows us."

"Of course he does by this time," responded the captain. "But I'll give him a chance to try his heels. Stand by to send the gaff-topsails aloft! Mr. Elliott, we'll put on everything that'll draw. We must run down for the Long Island coast, and we may slip out in that way."

It seemed to be a desperate chance for the yacht, for the frigate had all the advantage in such a chase, being some five miles further east than the former, and having only to make a straight run to the southward and eastward to cut her off; and it was soon apparent that this was what she intended to do, for as the schooner kept away with her helm up, the frigate stuck her nose further to the eastward, and clapped on her larboard studding-sails below and aloft.

"She's a hard chance," muttered Edward, as he looked off under the frigate's fore-foot and saw how the white foam was curling up about her bows. "It's a hard chance, but I'll try it."

"Wouldn't it be safer to run back?" asked the major.

"No, no—I don't want to do that, for there is no way of escape in that direction, except by running into some of the bays. I am confident we can outsail her, but yet she might keep us in sight, and if she should track us in to one of the bays she might attack us with her boats. But I think we can get out as we are now standing, though we shall have to risk some snug shots."

"Yes, we shall," responded Caleb Wales, with a semi-savage look.

"Sail, ho!" at this moment came from the lookout at the foremast-head.

"Where away?" cried Edward, springing forward.

"Right ahead, sir."

"What is it?"

"Square-rigged, sir."

"Zounds! Cut off as sure as fate!" uttered the captain.

"What is it, sir?" asked the major, with some little show of disquiet in his countenance.

"Only that another of the enemy lays directly in our track," abruptly replied our hero. "Can you not see that sail?"

"Yes—certainly."

And there it was, just looming up ahead, upon the Long Island shore. In a few moments more, the frigate was making signals.

"It's a brig!" shouted the foretopman, "and she's answering signals."

The yacht was now situated in this wise: She was about midway of the sound, heading in a south-easterly direction towards the headland of Mattituck, which was nearly twenty miles distant. The frigate was nearly abeam to windward, not more than four miles distant, and heading directly across the schooner's course, while the brig, which was distant about ten miles, was close-hauled upon the starboard tack, and standing directly up towards her. If the yacht kept on she must encounter the brig. This, however, she would have done cheerfully had she been alone. And if she hauled her wind she was sure to fall afoul of the frigate. Of course, this latter alternative was not very favorably considered.

Captain Edgerly took several turns across his deck, and it must be confessed that he was a little puzzled, to say the least. The western outlet of the sound was blocked by the British, and he knew of no safe place of refuge save Morgan's Bay; but if he sought that retreat his rendezvous would be exposed, and he also ran the chance of being captured, even in there, for the boats of both the frigate and the brig would be too much for him.

"Elliott," he said, stopping very suddenly, "this is a tight squeeze."

"So it is, captain."

"We must assuredly give them a stern chase, as you call it," said the major. "We must retreat."

"It's Jo-fired hard, any how," muttered Caleb Wales, "to be shot up in this fashion. I wish that ere 'tarnal brig was alone. O, how I should like to pepper him."

"I think I shall try to give you a chance," said Edward, in a sort of quiet, thoughtful way.

"Eh? You will?" ejaculated Caleb, casting a sidelong, ominous glance at the frigate, whose ponderous batteries were now looming up dark and threatening.

"Yes," replied the captain. And then turning to Elliott, he continued—"I think we cannot be far from Barrel Reef."

"No," said the mate, as he turned and ran his eye along the distant shore of Long Island.

"Barrel Reef?" uttered Caleb, "why, here—that must be off just about in this direction;" and he pointed off over the starboard quarter as he spoke. "It must be there, for only 'bout a month ago we run an old smack over 'em at low tide, an' cum plaguy nigh a gittin' stuck hard an' fast."

"I think there is water enough to carry us over now," resumed Edward.

"Yes, there must be," replied Elliott.

"And yet not enough for the frigate," Edward added, with a beam of hope in his countenance.

Caleb looked hard into the captain's face for some moments, and at length a beam of intelligence shot athwart his ruddy visage.

"Eh! Egad, capt'n, I know now. Try it—try it. Jerewsalem!"

"I think I shall try it."

"What is it, sir?" asked the major. "Is there any hope of escape?"

"There has, at least, a very curious circumstance turned up in our favor, sir," replied our hero. "Right off here, about five miles distant, there is a long line of rocks which our old fishermen call Barrel Reef. The yacht will, with this tide, easily pass over, but not so the frigate. So you see, if we can lead her along after us, we may lay her up there."

"Ah,—ah,—yes,—I understand," uttered the major, considerably relieved, for he knew that his despatches were important, and he wished to get out with them.

"You think you know where they are, do you, Elliott?"

"Yes sir. I can run a lee line right through the middle of 'em."

"Then you may pilot her. Stand by the

sheets, and be ready to ease off and jibe. Up with the helm!"

In a few moments the schooner was on the other tack, with her head to the south'rd and west'rd, and by the time this was accomplished the frigate was not more than two miles distant.

"Here she goes!" shouted Caleb. "Come on, ole feller! O, Jeminy, wont he ketch it!"

This remark was called forth from the fact that the frigate was taking in her larboard studding-sails; and as soon as they were in, she began to square her yards, and soon wore around; and, when her yards were braced, her starboard studding-sails were run up. This was all our privateers had hoped, and as they felt sure that the Barrel Reef was ahead, and that their light craft would pass over in safety, they began to show signs of joy.

The frigate was now directly astern, and shortly after she had sheeted home the studding-sails she fired one of her bow guns, but the ball fell far short of its object. In twenty-five minutes Elliott, who had stationed himself at the bows, reported that the reefs were directly ahead. The men crowded about the bows, and they could detect a slight difference in the shade of the water, but it was not palpable enough to have attracted attention unless it had been pointed out.

"We're over!" cried Elliott, as he turned and started aft. "We're safely over, and something to spare. There must be considerable water there. But never mind,—there aint enough for that fellow."

One thing was evident, and that was, that the yacht was the fastest sailer upon any tack, for she was gradually distancing her pursuer; but that mattered not now. The crew of the Yankee were all aft, and every eye was turned anxiously upon the frigate. Twenty-five minutes passed. Twenty-six—'seven—'eight—'nine—and half-an-hour, and yet the frigate stood on.

"Can she have got over!" murmured Elliott.

"No—no," breathlessly answered Edward. "We've been leaving her astern. Ha!"

At this instant the frigate was seen to leap up like a frightened dolphin. An instant she quivered there with her bows high out of water, and then she keeled over to port, and the fore-topmast went crashing over the side.

"She's done for!" shouted Caleb, leaping up and clapping his hands with frantic joy.

"She certainly is for the present," returned Edward, with a bright glow of gratification upon his handsome countenance. "Now we'll wear again. Stand by the sheets. Helm up!" he added, energetically.

Ere long the yacht was around again with her head to the south'rd and east'rd, but as it was impossible for her enemy to level any of her guns she soon came up almost due east, and as she passed the unfortunate ship her men gave three hearty cheers. Shortly afterwards it was observed that the frigate was getting her heavy guns overboard.

"Now for the brig," said Edward, as the frigate was left to make the best of her awkward situation. "We must clear her without flinching. Look to your gun, Caleb."

"Ay, *ay*, sir," responded the gunner, with marked emphasis. "She's all loaded."

"Do you mean to board her?" asked Elliott.

"No," answered the captain. "I would do it, though, under other circumstances, but I have promised Washington that I would make the best of my way to Norfolk, for the despatches are of importance, and there is risk in stopping to try to make a prize now."

The brig still stood up on a taut bowline with her starboard tacks aboard, and when she was within about two miles the yacht was hauled upon the wind to the north'rd and east'rd, thus presenting her broadside to the enemy. In a few minutes afterwards the brig went about, seeming determined to cut the schooner off if possible, and as Edward had no desire for a long chase he soon put up his helm and stood down on his course.

"We'll settle this business very soon," he said, as he moved up near the long gun, "for we've been detained too long now. Stand by, Caleb."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Give him a salute, now, that shall make him feel."

"Just see if I don't."

"You had better fire now as soon as you can. We are near enough."

Caleb took a deliberate aim, and fired, but without effect.

"You didn't make allowance enough for our headway."

"Perhaps not," returned the gunner, with a growl of dissatisfaction. "But just wait till I try again."

He did try again, and this time he succeeded in carrying away the enemy's flying-jib-boom. With the third shot he cut away the starboard fore-shrouds, the schooner being kept all this time clear of the brig's short guns. The fourth shot Caleb made with more care, and this time he carried away the fore-yard, and parted some of the main-backstays.

"There, there,—that will do," uttered Edward. "She cannot give us chase now, and we will make the best of our way out. But you may load your gun in case of need."

Again the hearty cheers of the victorious Yankees broke over the waters, and in half an hour later the yacht was on her course clear of present danger. Before night had shut in, the privateer had passed Plumb Island, and under cover of the darkness she leaped boldly forth towards the broad Atlantic.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* * *

I distinguish, in that which we call honor, that which attracts public opinion, and that which derives its esteem from yourself. The first consists in vain prejudices more moveable than an agitated wave; the second has its base on eternal moral truths. The honor of the world can be of advantage to fortune, but it cannot penetrate into the soul, and never influences true happiness. True honor, on the contrary, forms the essence, because we find in it that sentiment of interior satisfaction which alone can render happy a thinking being.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

"AU REVOIR."

BY T. D. WILKINS.

Au revoir—though afar over earth I may wander,
And roam with tired footsteps on land and o'er sea,
My heart on thy name will delight o'er to ponder,
And my thoughts be returning forever to thee.

Au revoir—oft will memory's magical finger
Cause from the past's caverns her figures to rise,
Till charmed by the scenes spread before me, I'll linger,
And see thy bright form once more rapture mine eyes.

Au revoir—as I'm tossed upon life's roaring billow,
Thy spirit its watch o'er my heart yet will keep;
In night it will hover about my lone pillow,
My thought in the day-time, my vision in sleep.

Au revoir—though my heart may be heavy and weary
When daylight is veiled in the shadows of night,
My eyes yet will turn through the darkness so dreary,
Till thy coming shall give to the heavens their light.

Au revoir—on my heart's golden tablet engraven,
By memory's pencil, thy name still will stay;
Though Sorrow may fold me beneath her wings raven,
Time's floods will avail not to wash it away.

Au revoir—"I'll return to thee—" thou shalt forever
The star of my wandering pilgrimage be;
No power from me can the memories sever,
That linger around me when musing of thee.

* * *

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SWALLOWING A HEART WHOLE:

—OR—

SUSIE BROWN'S EXPERIMENT.

"WHAT in the world have you been thinking of, Susie, that you could not hear me calling, or are you deaf? Here I have been running after you for at least half a mile, hallooing and screaming like one mad, and still I could not attract your attention," said a beautiful, bright looking creature, running, all glowing, and out of breath, to the side of a young girl, who was walking leisurely along by the roadside, with bowed head, and to all appearances in a profound study.

"Really, Julia, I am very sorry I have made you run so hard, but I was thinking—"

"Well, Sue, dearest, please do tell me *what* you were thinking. It must have been a grand thought to have so occupied your mind that you could not hear the noise I was making, which was, I am sure, sufficient to have waked the dead," interrupted the laughing girl, with parted lips and heaving bosom, still panting from her recent race.

"Why, I was thinking," continued Susie, speaking slowly, and with evident embarrassment, "I was thinking, Julia, that is—no—I was not thinking, I was wondering—"

"O, do not hurry yourself, dearest; I have, I assure you, a very large share of Job's great quality."

"Now, Julia, do not look in that way, or I shall not tell you at all," interrupted Susie, with pouting lips, as she marked the demure look of mock resignation that her companion had now put on.

"Well, well, dear, I will not do so if you do not wish it, so now come tell me what you were thinking. I have half divined the bent of your thoughts already; they referred, I am sure, in some way to Harry Montague, did they not? Come, you will not refuse to give your confidence to your nearest and dearest friend, will you, Sue?" said the fair girl, as she twined her arm round her companion's slight waist, and bent low to watch the wavering blushes, which came and went upon her companion's face at mention of *that name.*

"I will give you my confidence fully and freely, Julia," said she, looking up with a bright smile; "but, first of all, I must ask you a question, and will you promise to give me a truthful answer? will you, Julia; for much may depend upon it—perhaps all my future happiness in life;" a more serious expression dwelling in her dark blue eye. "You recollect last Tuesday night, at Ella Ray's party, how attentive Harry—that is—Mr. Montague was to you—and how very much pleased you appeared to receive those attentions; well—Har—Mr. Montague has not been to see me since, and I thought—"

"So now the murder is out!" interrupted Julia, laughing heartily. "And so it was jealousy that so very much occupied your thoughts—and you were thinking, perhaps, how happy I should be, when Harry pays his addresses to me, and *wondering* how soon he would propose—and when we would be married—and whether I would ask you for my bridesmaid—and—but, forgive me, dear, dear Susie," exclaimed the impulsive girl, as she suddenly perceived the large tears coursing slowly, one by one, down the poor girl's cheeks; "I have hurt your feelings, but I did not mean it. I know I am a wicked, tantalizing creature, and not worthy to talk to such an angel as you are. But did you really think that I was pleased with Harry Montague's attentions? and do you not know that he loves you to distraction—and that all those attentions proceeded from pique, because Charles Duval was so very assiduous towards you all the evening, and you several times rewarded that assiduity with a bright smile?"

"Do you really think so?" exclaimed Susie, suddenly, all the brightness and animation returning to her face; "do you really think that Harry loves me?"

"I thought I could bring a smile to that sober looking face again! why, certainly he loves you. I can see it in every word, look, and action. So now that you are convinced, I will tell you what I was going to say when I at last caught you, but which your lackadaisical looking face drove entirely out of my mind. You know I told you the other day, that when Elsie Duval's party came off, I was going to find to a certainty, who was going to be my bridesmaid, and that I intended to adopt the heart method to discover the lucky individual; do you know what that is, Susie?"

"The heart method, Julia! why no—what is it? do tell me."

"Well, it is to swallow a heart whole, and then the first one who kisses you will be your husband."

"Swallow a heart whole! why, Julia, what kind of heart?"

"Why, a chicken's heart, to be sure; you could not think I meant a human heart,—for though that is often stolen, 'tis very rarely swallowed," said the roguish girl, laughing heartily as she spoke, at Susie's simplicity. "Well," she continued, "I have changed my mind now, and intend making you swallow it to-night before we go to Elsie's party. But we must hasten home; for see! it is almost dark."

And the two fair girls quickened their pace, and with bright hearts and smiling faces hastened towards their homes.

It was evening, and the large, old fashioned parlors of the Duvals were brilliantly lighted to receive their guests, already assembling for the party. At the early hour of eight o'clock the rooms were already full. There was Eliza Duval, a tall, queenly-looking girl, with hair black as midnight, braided plainly back from her high, pure forehead, and with her bright eyes and rosy lips, smiling a welcome to her friends. Then there was Julia Stanley, who looked charming in her dress of pink silk, made low at the neck, with a deep fall of Brussels lace reaching to the waist; and there was a hidden meaning in her smile whenever she looked towards Susie Brown, that was quite incomprehensible to all but her.

Susie, sweet Susie Brown, who was more beautiful than them all—with her large, deep blue eyes, and beautiful brown hair, waving in light, graceful curls upon her bosom. Her dress was a white lace, of gossamer-like texture, fitting tightly to her exquisite form, and fully displaying her white neck and rounded arms. A wreath of white rose-buds was placed lightly upon her head, and were scarce whiter than the alabaster brow they graced. She was paler than usual, and there was something of sadness in the smile with which she received the salutations of her friends, which caused many anxious inquiries concerning her health, which she always answered with a smile, that banished all anxiety. And among the gentlemen, there was that tall, slim, awkward Israel Simpkins, whom all the girls so hated, and handsome Harry Montague, whom all the girls so loved; and Charles Duval, and a host of others too numerous to mention.

The tea was over, and all the company were on the "qui vive" of expectation for the games, which were in those good old days the principal amusement at all the parties, in place of the piano rattling, and Italian caterwauling, which is "a-la-mode" at the present day.

"Disappointment" was first proposed, as the leading game, but some one who had more than a sufficient share of modesty, objected to it, as there was "too much kissing in it!" "Hunt the slipper." "King and Queen." "Whistle the key." "Omnibus," and a number of others were alternately proposed and rejected, until it was decided that "forfeits" should take the lead. Forfeit after forfeit was sold and redeemed, amid roars of laughter caused by some extraordinary feat, which alternately some one of the unlucky individuals was obliged to perform.

"Poor Susie!" how her little heart beat with fear and expectation, at every forfeit that was held up. She had only one among the number which had been collected—a plain gold ring, which was the only jewelry she wore. At length the precious ring was shown, which caused a great increase of attention, particularly in Julia, who was bending eagerly forward to see to whom the separate forfeits belonged. Even Harry Montague, who had been provokingly cold in his deportment towards her during the whole evening, displayed a greater degree of interest in spite of himself.

The all important "heavy, heavy, what hangs over," was pronounced; the succeeding questions and answers alternately, and returned, and it was at length determined the owner should "measure two yards of love ribbon with Israel Simpkins."

Poor Susie! she started from her seat, and with a bound was behind Julia's chair, protesting against such a thing, and declaring she "never would do it." Israel, delighted beyond measure at his good fortune, yet almost too bashful to take advantage of it, rose slowly from his chair and commenced walking with a hesitating, shambling gait towards her, his whole face glowing with the anticipated pleasure. His poor victim stood with one hand convulsively grasping the back of Julia's chair, and the other pressed tightly upon her fluttering heart, looking as if she wished the earth would open and engulph her where she stood. Israel was now within a yard of the chair behind which she had screened herself—one moment, and his great brawny hand was upon her shoulder; with a quick movement, she turned one last, imploring look towards Harry Montague, as if to say, "will you not save me?" and was about submitting to her fate, when with a bound, Harry, who had with exquisite delight interpreted her look, sprang before poor Israel, released her shoulder from his grasp, and placing his arm round her waist, bent, and lightly pressed her lips, at the same time saying, "Now, Mr. Simpkins, I have relieved you of your task, which, I inferred from your reluctance in the performance, was anything but agreeable to you;" and with a gay smile, he led Susie, blushing and confused, yet indescribably happy, back to her seat. Israel Simpkins said nothing, but there was that in his countenance, as he looked so smilingly towards Harry, which boded anything but good to that now happy individual.

Julia was in a perfect transport of delight—and now that Susie's experiment had had such a happy result, insisted upon telling it to the company; and, in spite of Susie's entreaties to the contrary, told the whole story. Harry Montague said nothing, but there was a look of deep, intense love in his dark eyes, as he gazed upon the beautiful girl, which too plainly told his feelings; and half an hour after, when they were both missed from the room, none asked where they were,—but far down upon the green lawn that fronted the house, might have been seen the faint fluttering of a white dress in the distance, and the dim, indistinct outlines of a manly form bending towards it, as if in earnest conversation. And when they returned into the room—it was very strange—they must have made a sad mistake, for Susie's plain gold ring was upon Harry's little finger, and in place of it a handsome diamond was sparkling upon *her* white hand.

Three months from that day Susie became a bride—and even now Julia Stanley, who is Mrs. Charles Duval, congratulates herself as the principal cause of the happy result of Susie Brown's experiment.

* * *

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MEMORY.

BY MRS. ANNA M. LOWRY.

Thou art a wondrous thing, O Memory!
Thou never wilt efface
The slightest record that has stamped
Thy page with iron trace;
Each thought, and word, of good or ill,
Alike are written on
The pages of the mind, and will,
Remain when life is gone.

Our every action, be it right,
Or if astray we go,
Forgotten ne'er, 'twill come to light,
Either for weal or woe;
How oft the things long passed away,
Again before us stand,
Bright as upon their natal day
By Memory's magic wand.

And when our day of life is past,
And all of earth is o'er,
We stand before the universe,
Upon another shore—
The book of Memory then will ope
Its fearful, hidden pages;
And by its records, stained or fair,
We'll live for endless ages.

* * *

A FABLE WORTH ATTENTION.

Likewise Omar Ibn Abi Bishr relates that Ali, the Commander of the Faithful, upon whom be the Peace of God, one day haranguing the people, and being interrupted by their clamors, descended from the Tribune and began to speak thus: "These people, Othman, and myself, are in the same case as the three bulls, one white, the other red, and the third black, which lived in a jungle together with a lion. Whenever the lion attacked one of these three bulls, they, by uniting their forces, repulsed him, so that he was unable to devour them. But one day the lion said to the black and red bulls, 'the color of the white bull will cause us to be discovered in the jungle in which we dwell. If you would suffer me to do so I would eat him up, and thus we should remain securely concealed, for no one would be able to discover us, seeing that your color harmonizes with mine, and mine with yours.' The two bulls closed their eyes to what was going on, and the lion having devoured the white bull remained with them, and when he sought to attack them, they united together against him. Then turning himself to the red bull, the lion said, 'This black fellow will bring disaster upon us, for his color attracts the eye. Contrive, therefore, to leave him alone, and I will eat him up, and then you and I shall remain here in safety, for the color of my hide resembles yours, and yours and mine are the same.' Accordingly the black bull was forsaken by the red one and slain by the lion, who lived for a short time in peace with the survivor, until one day he called out to him, 'O, red bull, I am coming to devour you.' 'You to devour me?' replied the bull. And the lion replied, 'I, myself.' 'Since there is no help for it, then,' exclaimed the unfortunate animal, 'at least wait till I have cried out three times.' The lion thereupon drew back, and the bull cried, 'Not to-day, not to-day doth he slay me; he slew me when he devoured the white bull; he slew me when he devoured the white bull; he slew me when he devoured the white bull.' Even thus," continued Ali, "was I lost on the slaughter of Othman;" and this he repeated three times.—*Solwan, or Waters of Comfort.*

* * *

WASHINGTON'S CHARMED LIFE.

Of eighty-six officers twenty-six were killed (in Braddock's action,) among them Sir Peter Halket, and thirty seven were wounded, including Gage and other field officers. Braddock braved every danger. His secretary was shot dead. Both his English aids were disabled early in the engagement, leaving the American alone in the field to distribute his orders.

"I expected every moment," said one, whose eye was on Washington, "to see him fall." Nothing but the superintending care of Providence could have saved him. An Indian chief—I suppose a Shawnee—singled him out with his rifle, and bade others of his warriors to do the same. Two horses were killed under him; four balls penetrated his coat. "Some Potent Manitou guards him!" exclaimed the savage.

"Death," wrote Washington, "was levelling my companions on every side of me; but by the all-powerful dispensations of Providence, I have been protected."

"To the public," said Davies, a learned divine, in the following month, "I point out that heroic youth, Col. Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country."

"Who is Mr. Washington?" asked Lord Halifax a few months later. "I know nothing of him," he added, "but they say he behaved in Braddock's action as bravely as if he really loved the whistling of bullets."—*Bancroft's American Revolution.*

* * *

GOOD ENOUGH TO BE TRUE.

The Lynn News tells the following story of an incredulous young man, whose father had promised before death to hold "spiritual communication" with him.

The spirit of the old gentleman (who, by the way, had been somewhat severe in matters of discipline) was called up and held some conversation with the boy. But the messages were not at all convincing, and the youth would not believe that his father had anything to do with them.

"Well," said the medium, "what can your father do to remove your doubts?"

"If he will perform some act which is characteristic of him, and without any direction as to what it shall be, I shall believe in it."

"Very well," said the medium; "we wait for some manifestations from the spirit-land."

This was no sooner said than (as the story goes) a table walked up to the youth, and, without much ceremony, *kicked him out of the room!*

"Hold on! stop him!" cried the terrified youth. "That's the old man! I believe in the rappings!"

Our hero has never since had a desire to stir up the old gentleman.—*Home Gazette.*

* * *

BLUSHING.

Alas! that in our earliest blush
Our danger first we feel,
And tremble when the rising flush
Betrays some angel seal!
Alas! for care and pallid woe
Sit watchers in their turn,
Where heaven's too faint and transient glow
So soon forgets to burn!—*O. W. Holmes.*

FACTS ABOUT FRIDAY.

From time immemorial, Friday has been frowned upon as a day of ill omen. And though this prejudice is less prevalent now than it has been of yore, when superstition had general sway, yet there are many, even in this matter-of-fact age of ours, who would hesitate on a day so inauspicious, to begin an undertaking of momentous import. And how many brave mariners, whose hearts unquailed could meet the wildest fury of their ocean home, would blanch to even bend their sails on Friday. But to show with how much reason this feeling is indulged, let us examine the following important facts in connection with our own settlement and greatness as a nation; and we will see how great cause we Americans have to dread the fatal day.

On Friday, August 3d, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery.—On Friday, October 12th, 1492, he first discovered land.—On Friday, January 4th, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which, if he had not reached in safety, the happy result would never have been known which led to the settlement of this vast continent.—On Friday, March 15th, 1493, he arrived at Palos in safety.—On Friday, November 22d, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola, in his second voyage to America.—On Friday, June 13th, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America.

On Friday, March 5th, 1496, Henry VII. of England gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American State paper in England.—On Friday, September 7th, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest settlement in the United States by more than forty years.—On Friday, November 10th, 1620, the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown.—On the same day was signed that august compact, the forerunner of our present glorious constitution.—On Friday, December 22d, 1620, the Pilgrims made their final landing on Plymouth rock.—On Friday, June 16th, 1775, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified.—On Friday, October 7th, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause.—On Friday, September 22d, 1780, the treason of Arnold was laid bare, which saved us from destruction.

On Friday, October 19th, 1781, the surrender at Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms.—On Friday, June 7th, 1776, the motion in Congress made by John Adams, seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United colonies were and of right ought to be free and independent.

Thus, by numerous examples we see that however it may be with the other nations, Americans need never dread to begin on Friday any undertaking, however momentous it may be.—*Norfolk Beacon.*

* * *

A CURIOUS STORY.

Any one who has been this winter to the Italian Opera, must have seen the lady (a beautiful brunette), and the gentleman (a young, handsome, aristocratic looking man, who is, alas! one eyed, and also limps)—both English people—who furnish forth the hero and the heroine of the following story, which is current and generally believed in the orchestra of that Opera house. They are cousins. This is their history: Arabella —— is the daughter of a Rear Admiral of the royal navy. When she was sixteen her father married her to one of his friends, a captain, who was greatly older than herself. Shortly after their marriage, being ordered to the Mediterranean, he took his wife with him and lodged suitably in Malta. Her cousin William, who is also in the navy, managed to come to Malta by another ship of the squadron. He was soon at home in the captain's house, although the latter felt somewhat jealous, which he was too proud to show. As the ship lay some distance from the quay, the captain returned home late almost every night. One night the sea was so rough that the captain sent in word to his wife, Arabella, that he would stay on board his ship all night. What's rough for a captain is rough for a lieutenant—the lieutenant staid on shore—he staid with his cousin. They were sitting cosily together, and talking so agreeably the time passed unperceived, when at one o'clock in the morning there was a knocking at the door; the wife recognized her husband's knock! They felt guilty—I know not why—and they scarcely knew what to do. In his fright William ran into a closet and hid himself behind the clothes which hung there. When the husband came in, he found his wife very much embarrassed; he was furious with jealousy; suspecting something was concealed in the open closet, he drew his sword and gave some twenty vigorous thrusts in every part of it. They seemed to produce no effect. He explained the cause of his unexpected return—his ship had just been ordered to Greece, to enforce the claim of Don Pacifico, and he sailed that night. As soon as his trunk was packed he left the house, convinced that his suspicions were unfounded. As soon as he had gone his wife ran to the closet—"William!" She saw a livid hand try to push aside the clothes there, and then a body fell covered with blood. William had received four wounds, but he had conquered his pain to save his cousin. Those wounds occasioned his blindness and his limping. The captain heard at last of them. He separated from his wife. Her father having died shortly after her marriage, she lives in Paris with her cousin William. They have each of them a fortune; and with gold dust one might blind Argus himself in Paris.—*Paris correspondent Boston Atlas.*

* * *

A THEATRICAL CALCULATION.

With the assistance of several quires of paper and a dozen of Fabyn's best, we have arrived at the following estimate of the crimes, sins and doings of some of our eminent actors. According to this calculation, Forrest has been shot 11,000 times as Metamora, and he has stabbed Iago 9630, and smothered Desdemona an equal number of times. Miss Dean has eaten 1100 chickens as Mrs. Oakly, been ruined 300 times as Madelaine, and has been "outbid by yon sordid huckster" 250 times. Miss Logan has emptied the chalice of guilt 427 times, denounced her husband 520 times, and been buried 120 times. Mrs. Mowatt has been taken by Clifford 301 times, and Fleming has gone to —— five times during the past week, and notwithstanding all these facts, the above ladies and gentlemen are highly respected.—*Sat. Eve. Gazette.*

* * *

HARD TO PLEASE.

A lady went into a grocery recently, and asked for some self-raising flour. The clerk for the moment was a green Irishman, who, opening a barrel, showed her some of the ordinary superfine.

"This is not what I want," said the lady, with some pique, "I want self-raising flour."

"O," said Pat, with promptness, "the mischief a bit will ye find fault with its not rising, the whole barrel went up this morning from nine to eleven dollars, and if that don't suit, you are hard to plase, intirely."

The lady disappeared in a huff.

"Flour has ris," and it is owing to the "yeastern question," of course.—*Sunday Courier.*

* * *

A capable man ought always to occupy himself with work conformable to his capabilities, and which brings into play all his forces; for life consists in a tension more or less energetic. Relaxation is illness, is death.—*Hygiene.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ITALIAN SUNSET.

BY WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

Slowly the Arno winds its way along
  Through leafy groves, beneath Italia's sky,
That charming land of sunshine and of song—
  Where rarest beauty ever greets the eye,
Of every contour, and of varied dye;
  Where the soft air is balmy and serene,
And golden clouds float through the vault on high;
  And mossy banks, and vales forever green
Spread out in beauty lay where waters glide between.

Soon rosy light bathes all the scene below,
  The hill, the vale, the lake and silver stream;
And nature's beauties radiantly glow
  As in a vision, or a gorgeous dream;
Soft, golden sunlight over all things gleam
  With rays subdued, and chastened in their power,
The god of day with soft and rosy beam
  Distilling silently a golden shower,
How beautiful—how rare—Italia's sunset hour!

Delicious fancies o'er the spirit steal,
  Entrancing visions fleetly come and go;
Now monks and priests before the altar kneel,
  Now lovely maidens passing to and fro,
Sweet anthems murmur, chanting soft and low;
  And Italy in ancient pomp and power,
Before the dreamer's fancy gliding slow,
  Cathedrals, castles, temples, cross and tower,
Complete the vision bright at sunset's rosy hour.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

No. IV.

BY MISS LUCY BRADSHAW.

One who has been accustomed to large European and American cities, looks upon the irregular, narrow, crooked and steep streets of Funchal with very little satisfaction, and yet I like them for their very oddity. But why in the name of good taste the people should have paved these Lilliputian thoroughfares with pointed pebbles, the sharp side uppermost, I cannot understand; when it is remembered that there are no sidewalks, and that the pedestrian must inevitably walk upon these sharp stones, the inconvenience of the arrangement will be fully realized. If wheels were used in the city they would soon wear down these pebbles, but donkey hoofs and flat drags make no impression upon them.

The governor's castle is a large, clumsy structure near the landing, and forms barracks also for the battalion of infantry and artillery men which the Portuguese government keep under arms upon the island. It is a gloomy and Moorish looking structure, and there are some dark stories told about oppression and intrigue and crime that have been practised beneath its strong bomb proof walls. A kindred structure to the castle is that of the Franciscan convent, about as cold and dreary a building as can be found perhaps the world over. In one of its wings is a chamber, the walls and ceiling of which are formed, or covered, entirely with human skulls and thigh-bones! If this is not as senseless and revolting an idea as ever the dark ages were guilty of, then I am in error. In contrast to the governor's castle, and the dull old cathedral, and the cold, austere, Franciscan convent, is the pleasant and rational-looking English church in the suburbs of the city, surrounded by lovely scenery and thick groves, and pleasant gardens, fragrant and beautiful with flowers.

To my mind, this is the proper kind of associations to gather round a temple reared to our Maker. All that God has revealed to us of himself through the medium of nature, is bright, and peaceful, and happy. Then why not conduct the homage which we pay to him in a cheerful, rational and happy spirit? I think it would be no loss to any one should that wing of the Franciscan convent which contains the odious apartment apparently constructed from the pilferings of a grave-yard, catch fire and vanish into the air. Nor do I believe such an accident would particularly trouble the nuns or priests, for they nearly all, as I hinted in a former number, are engaged in secular affairs. *Such* nuns! They remind you of exhumed mummies all dried and shrivelled as they are, with age and want of good living and good cheer.

I have been much interested in watching the process of making the wine—it is a very simple affair, after all. The grapes are gathered from the vines in large baskets, brought to the large wooden vats and thrown in, pressed first by the feet of peasants, who trample about on them, and afterward the juice is further expressed by placing heavy weights upon wooden forms laid upon the grapes in the vats. The proprietor, who leases the vineyard to the grower, and the collector of taxes for the crown, are both present, the latter taking out one tenth of the whole juice, the remainder being equally divided between the landlord and the tenant. Each takes with him a sufficient number of porters with empty sheepskins, in which to bring away their respective shares to the cellars of the English merchants in the city, who have extensive vats and other preparations for carrying the wine through its various stages of fermentation, ripening, putting up into pipes, etc., for the purpose of shipment. Though the Madeira wine is naturally quite strong, yet a little brandy is always added to it when first taken from the vats, and placed in the casks, and a second portion is mixed with it before shipping it.

I believe the strongest temperance lecture which could be given against the use of this famous and favorite wine, would be in the shape of seeing its manufacture. Since I beheld those dirty, half-starved and unwashed islanders, treading with their bare feet the juice from the grapes after they had been placed in the vats, and have realized the fact that these natives are almost universally affected with a teasing humor, that they seem to delight in filth, and that the whole process of wine-making is a most revolting one to all our ideas of cleanliness, I could not touch the wine to my lips. But not so with many a dainty mouth and many a refined palate in Christendom. Large prices are paid and the wine is hoarded and sipped with infinite relish. The truth is, it will not answer to look minutely into the details of what are considered luxuries for the palate. The famous sausages which are exported to all parts of the world from Boulogne, would not be eaten by the poor workmen who labor in the factories where the meat is prepared.

The fruit market of Funchal exhibits a great variety and abundance. The spot devoted to this purpose is situated in a noble grove of palm trees, which lift their tufted heads gracefully over the place. Here may be found, besides all the ordinary fruits and garden vegetables of Southern Europe, oranges, lemons, green figs, grapes, pomegranates, water melons, bananas, guavas, custard apples, the cape gooseberry and others. Think of this delightful array of fresh, juicy and ripe fruits in so even a temperature as that of Madeira, and you will begin at once to realize that you have all or nearly all the fruits of the tropics, without the burning heat and enervating languor of the West Indies. I think the most enticing fruit market I have ever chanced to visit is that of Funchal; though I have eaten the rose apple of Havana, fresh from the panniers of the Monteros, yet this island of the North Atlantic produces the finest fruit.

Funchal has its beggars—what place has not? But they are by no means very abundant, and are quite modest and reasonable in their demands, and readily satisfied with the smallest pittance that will buy their bread. The late calamity of failing crops has, however, increased the number of this class of the population—indeed at one time famine seemed to stare both rich and poor in the face. As usual, America was ready at the call of humanity; she came to the rescue with wholesome food, just as she did for Ireland not long ago, turning a grim ship of war into a messenger of peace. You may rely upon it, the people here reverence the name of the Great Western Republic, the home of liberty, and enterprise, and liberal principles, and generous hearts! It is an enviable fame that the stars and stripes have won and now sustain among the nations of the globe, a name that her children may be proud to bear. To be an American is a passport all over Christendom. Let each American, then, so conduct himself abroad as to do his nation honor.

Before closing this brief series of articles upon the Island of Madeira, let me say a word to invalids concerning this place as a resort for health, for nine-tenths of those who come hither are invalids. Persons suffering under chronic pulmonary complaints have frequently derived much benefit from a voyage to Madeira, as have also great numbers of persons who are victims of dyspepsia. The efficacy of the climate, however, in cases of confirmed consumption has been very much exaggerated. It may, indeed, lengthen life for a time, and indeed has doubtless done so, but for the last half century vast numbers have been hurried off to this island, of whose recovery no reasonable hope could be entertained, simply to lay their bones in the burial ground of Funchal. Invalids should not attempt the voyage before the middle of June, nor later than the end of September. Spring is a trying season, owing to the prevalence of the northeast winds, and October is the first month of the rainy season of autumn.

My brief stay on the island attached me to it, and to the few kind friends we met here; and I confess to a little sorrow when they pointed out to me the English packet that had come to anchor in the roadstead, and in which we were to return to Liverpool. A day was still left to me, and this I improved by remaining in the saddle nearly all the time, with my patent attendant, hanging, after the curious fashion of this island, at my horse's tail, and never tiring, though I went fully a score of miles inland and back, bringing with me a choice bouquet culled from the roadside, and in which were a score of such dainty flowers as would render choice a collection of the like in a European hot-house. Such fragrant heliotropes, such pure white japonicas, such rich scented rose geraniums, such gaudy colored violets, exhaling all together such captivating sweetness, that it would seem that nothing less than fairy fingers could have tended them from their first springing into life and beauty.

The next morning, by means of those cunningly managed surf boats, we were placed on board the homeward bound packet, the windlass was manned, the seamen chanted the ye ho, the anchor was soon "stowed," the regular sails and studding sails set, and before noon Madeira had faded away in the dim distance like a dream.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

IT IS NOT STRANGE.

BY DR. CHARLES ROBBINS.

If spring's warm sighs and genial sun
Bid icebergs move, and frost-mounts run,
This cold, dead, dreary-looking earth
Spring forth as from a second birth.
Shrubs to put on their robes of sheen,
Of rich, yet ever-varying green;
Then load the air with sweet perfume
From their own, many-tinted bloom.
It is not strange, when woman pours
Her sunshine on these hearts of ours,
That man, heart-cold with business, now,
Of forlorn glance and thoughtful brow,
Should 'spire to make the solemn vow,
And feel youth's years are on him now!
Singing in fancy's dulcet strains
Of joys and jewels that remain;
Fearing no shadows from afar,
With his new, bright, and guiding star.

TOBACCO AT THE NORTH.

The culture of the weed in Connecticut is becoming extensive and profitable. In many of the river towns, tobacco is the principal crop grown. In order to promote its culture, a company has been formed in Hartford, with a capital of $250,000, for the purpose of opening a Tobacco Inspection Warehouse in that city, to be governed by a large board of directors, president, etc., representing the various tobacco growing districts. The capital invested to be used to buy or advance on crops in growth; and the company is to provide suitable warehouses in which to pack, inspect and store the crops that may be consigned to them; to keep the same insured, and hold till fully cured, then to sell and pay over the net proceeds to the owners. The tobacco crop is an exhausting one, and the soil employed in its culture, shortly loses all its vital life and power.—*Scientific American.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

NEVERMORE.

BY J. L. FENTON.

Cold and lonely's the sound, "we may meet nevermore!"
With a fond, welcome smile, as we did once of yore;
For the star that enlivened in darkness hath set,
And despondence and grief in my bosom have met.

And the fairy-like dream which thy gentleness wove
Round the heart aye confiding in friendship and love,
Hath dissolved quite away in that parting farewell,
And relapsed into silence too mournful to tell.

And the vision of light which seemed almost divine,
As enraptured I gazed on that fair brow of thine;
Hath departed for aye—the enchantment is o'er,
And my heart sinks in sadness, to rise nevermore.

Nevermore, as in life's spring, we'll wander at will,
By the bright, flowery mead, and the murmuring rill;
For the smile of affection hath faded away,
Till the flowers appear withered, where once they seemed
    gay.

Yet a beacon appears, shining out through the gloom,
Shedding light o'er the pathway that leads to the tomb;
And awakens a hope, that when life's cares are o'er,
We may meet with the just—meet to part nevermore.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE COLONEL'S BARGAIN:

— OR, —

TURNING THE TABLES ON 'EM.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

The following veritable story is told upon the authority of an old hand at the business, and has the merit of being an actual occurrence, penned without exaggeration.

Colonel T——, of M——, is well-known throughout New England, by all the horse and cattle breeders that are worth knowing at all, here. He has at his tongue's end the *real* history, origin and pedigree of the Morgans, the Messengers, the Eclipses, and their children's children, down to the very latest generation; and if you would know precisely what is meant by a Short-horn, a Devon, or an Alderney—a South Down, or a Leicester—a Suffolk, or a Mackay, Colonel T—— can inform you, for the asking; and you may safely trust his assertion. In horse-flesh, he is especially *au fait*; and when *he* makes a purchase in this way, he knows pretty nearly what he buys.

Hard by the outskirts of the colonel's farm (many years since), there stood a small public house, at which, from time to time, there congregated certain drovers and horsemen, on the way to or from Vermont or New Hampshire, towards the city, with their cattle and colts. The colonel would often halt here, on his road home, and examine the animals *en route* to the stall or the shambles. And here, too, occasionally, he met with what he deemed a good bargain; a little affair that he was rarely wont to lose sight of.

Upon one occasion, while he stopped temporarily at the old tavern mentioned, the usual coterie of jockeys and cattle-men were present, and a forlorn-looking countryman led up a more forlorn-looking beast that he *called* a horse—and which he said he desired to sell.

A roar of derision burst from the crowd assembled around the old tavern-steps, at this seemingly honest announcement of the dust-covered stranger; and the jibes that followed at the traveller's expense, from the lips of the knowing ones, were neither few nor sparing in their abusive tenor. The owner of the unfortunate looking brute bore the jeers of the crowd most meekly, and without a smile or a syllable of retaliation.

"He's a good cretur, of the kind," ventured the man, slowly—"good, afore oxen and that like; and he can *go*, some, too."

"Go, *where?*" queried one.

"To the dogs, pretty soon," added another.

"He haint but one eye," suggested a third looker-on, who suddenly made this discovery.

"Knocked clean out!" exclaimed a fourth man. "How d' he do it?"

"I dunno," replied the unlucky owner of this most unsaleable piece of property.

Then was heard another shout of laughter from the multitude, at the presumption of the stranger, in attempting to dispose of such a horse.

"Young enough, at any rate," remarked the colonel, at last, who had not been an idle spectator of what was transpiring. "Young enough, stout limbed, high withers, good muscle—but rather thin in flesh."

"Ha, ha!" shouted the boys, "he's got the colonel in tow. Put it to him, old boy! Now let's see the colonel trade. O, he's a beautiful animal, truly. See him! See the colonel on his back, too! Ha, *ha!* But this *is* a joke, to be sure!"

While the jockies thus amused themselves, the colonel rode the beast down the road a piece, examined his limbs, found his gait good, and—notwithstanding the entire loss of one of his eyes—he determined to buy the animal, which he saw was not over seven years old.

"'Ere he comes, ag'in," screamed the foremost of the deriders, at the top of his voice. "See, the way the critter puts his hind foot down!" and then another haw-haw resounded, as the colonel halted at the door and dismounted.

"How d'you like him?" asked this determined wag. "Better with a saddle, I reckon," he continued, measuring his back-bone; "lord! what a ridge!"

"What do you ask for the horse?" inquired the colonel, of the owner.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Thompson, again, unable to contain himself. "Why, the colonel's going to trade. Hear him, boys. Hear him!"

"I'd sell the creetur *cheap*," said the man, modestly; "for fodder's high, an' I'm out of money consid'rable."

"Fodder," said Thompson, "why, you don't pertend that that crab has had anything to eat, lately, do yer?"

"What is your price?" again asked the colonel, without paying the slightest attention to the passing jokes.

"Wall, I'll sell the hoss fer fourteen dollars, cash down. He's wuth more, but—"

"I'll take him," said the colonel, blandly; and the man disappeared with the money, at once.

"Fourteen dollars! Capital!" shouted Thompson—"This *is* the best thing I've seen for many a day. The colonel's got him—fourteen dollars, cash down—*hurrah!*"

"You'll see a better thing than this, my boy," suggested the colonel, good-naturedly, "if you live long enough. Wait a bit."

"Hear him! Hear the colonel! Fourteen—ha, *ha!*" and with this final explosion, Thompson staggered back into the tavern, to "wet his whistle."

The horse was dark bay, bob-tailed, and his hairy coat gave little evidence that the curry-comb had been near his skin of late. But the colonel hitched him to his gig, and drove off amid the shouts of the lookers-on—Thompson shouting by far the loudest, as the little party disappeared. For many days, this sale was the standing joke at the old tavern; and Thompson lost no opportunity to rally the colonel upon his purchase of so *valuable* a beast.

Some six or seven months after this event, a dozen or so of the crowd described were again assembled on the old tavern piazza, with Thompson as the principal haranguer, as usual, when their attention was arrested by the action of a splendid horse that came dashing up toward the tavern door.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Thompson, "there's a good one, anyhow!"

And so he was, to be sure. There was no mistaking *this* animal's mettle. His step was high and stately, his mane and silky sprig-tail glistened in the sun, his clean fetlocks and brilliant coat showed careful grooming; and his bright eyes and distended nostrils evinced the animal of spirit and stamina.

"How are ye, gentlemen," said the rider, as he passed quickly by the doorway—"good morning, Thompson," and away went Colonel T——, in gallant style, at a spanking rate, towards the city. Half an hour afterwards he returned, however; and dismounting before the tavern-porch, his beautiful horse was the admiration of every one present.

"Where d'you get him?" inquired Thompson.

"Just from the country," replied the colonel. "Came in yesterday."

"For sale, colonel?"

"No, no. That is, I *would* sell him—but *you* don't want such a horse, Thompson, surely."

"And why not?"

"Too fiery, too spunky for you, Thompson."

This wouldn't answer for the braggart, at all; and he determined to have the horse, forthwith.

"Sound, I s'pose, colonel?"

"I don't offer him for sale, Thompson. He suits *me*, I bought him without warranty, and if I sell, I give none. If he leaves me, I must have two hundred dollars for him."

Thompson looked at his teeth, turned up his feet, handled his joints, examined his eyes, his chest and his flanks, and said:

"Colonel, is that your lowest price?"

"Thompson, I never have two prices on the same animal, you know."

"Then I'll buy him, colonel—I'll buy him."

"He is your horse, at two hundred dollars," added the colonel, passing the bridle to the purchaser.

The money was counted out, the colonel gave Thompson a bill of sale, and the bystanders did not hesitate, with one voice, to declare that he was as "cheap as a broom for sixpence."

"A pretty good horse is 'Glass Eye.' A pretty good kind of a horse," remarked the colonel, quietly, thrusting his fingers into his capacious buff vest-pocket.

"What did you call him?" asked Thompson.

"*Glass Eye.*"

"Funny name," responded Thompson—rather inclined to "smell a mice."

"Rare name," continued the colonel; "but appropriate, do you see?"

Now, Thompson didn't "see" at all; and he didn't really want to, either.

"Well, I'll tell you," added the colonel. "You will remember that I hinted to you, some months since, when I bought the fourteen dollar horse, at which you were so much amused, and which you then declared was the best thing you had seen for a long time—'that, if you lived long enough, you would see something better than that.' Recollect?"

"Yes, yes. But what has that to do with this horse's name, pray?"

"Wait, a bit. *That* one-eyed horse was mine. *This* one-eyed horse is yours; understand, now?"

"I'll be hanged if I do, colonel! For this horse I've now bought of you here, has *two* eyes, certain, as good as yours or mine."

"Imitation, Thompson," continued the colonel, taking a quarter from his pocket, and tapping its edge briskly upon the horse's right eye! "Imitation. Very good, to be sure—but colored glass, only; as you see. I had it made and inserted in Boston! Exact match, isn't, Thompson? Just as good, no doubt, but hardly so serviceable *to the horse*, perhaps, as the other! You perceive that the natural dampness of the eyelid keeps the surface of this glass eye-ball constantly polished. And when—"

"That'll do, colonel," muttered Thompson, as a perfect yell of delight went up from the crowd. "What'll you drink?"

"Nothing, I thank you. I drink only sparkling cold water, sir—strait from the well. I breakfast the year round by candle-light, walk five or ten miles, daily, eat judiciously, go to bed early, sleep soundly, and am *always* ready for a horse-trade."

"I think you are, colonel."

"Keep 'Glass Eye,' Thompson, upon my recommendation. I saw that he was a good one, when I bought him, I *know* he is a good one, now. You have paid high, but you have got your money's worth."

"Yes," added one of the boys, "and a leetle change over!"

The colonel had had the fourteen dollar nag well cared for, and with the artificial eye, no one suspected him, when he came back so changed in appearance. Thompson kept him several years afterwards, and the colonel always tells the story of old "*Glass Eye*," with immense gusto.

THE WISE BULLS OF BENARES, INDIA.

The narrow streets were obstructed, in the vicinity of the temple, with numbers of the sacred bulls. Benares swarms with these animals, which are as great a nuisance to the place as the mendicant friars are to Rome. They are knowing bulls, perfectly conscious of their sacred character, and presume upon it to commit all sorts of depredations. They are the terror of the dealers in fruits and vegetables, for, although not always exempted from blows, no one can stand before their horns—and these they do not scruple to use, if necessary to secure their end. Sometimes, on their foraging expeditions, they boldly enter the houses, march up stairs and take a stroll on the flat roofs, where they may be seen, looking down with a quiet interest on the passing crowds below. From these eminences they take a survey of the surrounding country, calculate its resources, and having selected one of the richest spots within their circle of vision, descend straightway and set off in a bee-line for the place, which they never fail to find. When the fields look promising on the other side of the Ganges, they march down to the river banks, and prevent any passenger from going on board the ferry-boats, until they are permitted to enter. They cross and remain there until the supplies are exhausted, when they force a passage back in the same manner. The gardens of the English residents frequently suffer from their depredations, and the only effectual way of guarding against them is to yoke them at once, and keep them employed at hard labor for a day or two, which so utterly disgusts them with the place that they never return to it. It is also affirmed that they very carefully avoid the neighborhood of those butchers who lay out to supply the tables of the English, having observed that some of their brethren disappeared in a miraculous manner, after frequenting such localities.—*Bayard Taylor.*

NEWSPAPERS.

They manage things strangely about newspapers in London, and by reason of this management get the Times daily, for little or nothing. The *modus operandi* is thus described: You subscribe at a newspaper hall for it to be left for you at nine o'clock—for, say one hour. Punctually at ten, the person of whom you hire it calls, and furnishes the same number to some other customer who wants it at that hour. At eleven o'clock, another gets it, and so on, frequently until twelve or one, and even as late as two P. M. You can have it furnished thus by the week, month, quarter or year. It is left promptly at the hour bargained for, and you must expect to give it up on "sight call." Perhaps you are in the middle of the Paris correspondence, or the debates, or late foreign intelligence. It makes no difference; you must stop when your hour is out, or buy an extra copy.

After the city readers are through with the sheet, it is mailed off to the country. You are forbidden to cut the paper, and if it becomes defaced must pay for it. In Liverpool, well-to-do people will club for one copy of the daily Times, and a phlegmatic John Bull will read the paper the day after his neighbor, for years, perfectly satisfied to exist one day behind the times. In America every man has, or ought to have, his own paper. It must come to him fresh and untouched. He reads it thoroughly, and it becomes part of his existence. He talks about it, spreads the news, and is proud of its success. Thus a fair field of competition is created. A paper of merit and enterprise is sure of success, for every subscriber is a living, talking, walking advertisement and special agent.—*N. O. Crescent.*

MRS. PARTINGTON.

"Lieutenant General Bill," said Ike, looking up from the paper, with a puzzled expression of countenance, "who's that, I'd like to know." It was at the time of the discussion upon establishing the lieutenant generalship as a sort of beautiful embellishment to the United States military system. "I'm sure I don't know," said Mrs. Partington, laying down her knitting work and looking at him over the top of her specs; "read on, and see if you can't get his other name." "There aint nobody here that's said anything about but General Scott, and his name isn't Bill—everybody knows that," and he glanced toward the wall at an autograph letter from General Scott acknowledging the receipt of a pot of apple sauce from Mrs. P. in the "last war," which Paul had made a frame for many years ago and hung up. "'Tis strange," said she, "that they don't give his name. General Bill—Bill—who can it be?" and she looked as puzzled as a lesson in algebra "I have got it," said she, suddenly illuminating like a friction match, "'tis General Bill down to Salem, where we got the russet apples last fall, Isaac." And a smile sweet as a haymow accompanied the remark. Ike was well satisfied with the explanation, and punched his jackknife away up to the hilt in the pine table as he thought of the chance of his good time down there next year.—*Boston Post.*

EVER BEEN WAXINATED?

There was much puzzling of strange voters at the polls. At one of them a new comer of a Patlander presented himself to exercise his "suffrage." He was shrewdly suspected of not being "right" by a man who winked at a "challenger," who "thus then" interposed:

"Are you naturalized?"

"Yes, I *waas.*"

"When?"

"A spell ago—an' more."

"How long have you lived in the country?"

"Anan?"

"How long have you lived here?"

"Goin' on eight months."

His consecutive answers proved satisfactory to the inspectors, and he was advancing to the polls to deposit his vote, when a wag with a face as "clerical" as Holland's, the inimitable comedian, planted himself before him, and in an under tone, but in a very significant manner, said:

"Pat, I'm your friend—look out! Have you ever been *waxinated?*"

"I never waas!"

"Then you can't vote! It's a bigamy—States' Prison!"

And the incipient voter was led off like a lamb.—*New York Picayune.*

* * *

Remain pure, O, my child! pure of every fault, and of all bad knowledge, pure as the lily with its white blossom, as the dove on the leafy branches. Remain good and virtuous, that thy celestial Father may love to bend his eyes upon thee. Remain noble and true, that thy thoughts may be like the perfume of the rose, thy love like the light of the sun, thy life like an evening hour, like the melody of a distant instrument.—*Leopold Scheffer.*

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on the last page.

⁂ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to F. GLEASON, Boston, Mass., *proprietor of* THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, *post paid.*

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The Phillapœna Present," a sketch, by Mrs. CAROLINE SOULE.

"The Medical Student," a story, by ANNE T. WILBUR.

"Juan Ortiz: or, The Captive Spaniard," a story, by Dr. J. H. ROBINSON.

"A little Love affair," a sketch, by WALTER GAY.

"The Truths of Nature," verses, by GEORGE H. COOMER.

"Beauty," lines, by SYDNEY E. CHURCH.

"Isadore," verses, by S. W. HAZELTINE.

"Verses," by Mrs. ANNA M. LOWRY.

"The Tress of Hair," lines, by WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"The Close of Day," "Winter," "Musings on the Past," "Song of the Mendicant," "The Schoolmaster at Home," "Thoughts in Verse," "The Dream of St. Valentine's Eve," "Turkey and Russia," "January," "Abide with us," "I know that I must die," "Three Pictures of three People," "Mercy," "The Pirate's Song," "To one departed," "Quivering Leaves," "Rolla to Cora," "Lines in an Album."

POMPEII.

More than seventeen hundred years ago two cities of the Roman empire, in the neighborhood of Naples, were suddenly destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, that formidable giant which frowns over the vineland of western Italy, like the grim skeleton which presided at the Egyptian feasts—a veiled but ever present image of death. Herculaneum was buried in a mass of lava and fused rock; Pompeii was buried in ashes, nothing but a desolate plain remaining of what was the busy home of men, the theatre of pleasure, the abode of luxury, art and thoughtless sensuousness. Sixteen centuries elapsed, and no trace of Pompeii remained upon the earth, when a chance excavation led to the discovery of traces of the buried city of the dead. Since that time researches have been made, and are continued, bringing to light daily, more and more of the buried treasures of the past.

There is something singularly captivating and wildly fascinating to the imagination, in the sudden withdrawal of a veil that has for ages shrouded the face of mysterious antiquity. In other cities of old the progress of time has been marked and chronicled from generation to generation, the antique has gradually merged into the modern, and we easily trace the successive steps of the transition. But this city of Pompeii was suddenly stricken out of the world and embalmed and buried; no eye for ages dwelt upon its features, and when it was exhumed, it rose in all its freshness—a city of the unburied dead—yet fresh and fair as a city of the living. Here was the rich man stricken at his banquet table, the miser with his bags of gold in his grasp, the slave at his task, rich and poor, young and old, vigorous manhood and blooming womanhood.

The traveller, versed in the antiquities of Italy, and prepared for his visit by a study of those at Rome, as he treads the silent streets of Pompeii, requires but little exertion of the imagination, to fancy that he beholds the effects of an accident of yesterday. On the walls of the houses, he beholds colors fresh as if just laid on by the artist's hand—shops that look as if just forsaken by their keepers and customers; temples seemingly just deserted by the priests—toilets just abandoned by the city belle! Pompeii was not a great city, but it was a city of great elegance and refinement. Its streets were narrow, and its buildings on a small scale; but all of its remains are exquisitely artistic. It appears to have been essentially Greek in its spirit; refined, luxurious—the home of a pleasure-loving people.

We can fancy the inhabitants much like the Parisians of to-day; that they were passionately fond of amusements is proved by their theatres, and amphitheatres; when the people listened to the productions of the tragic and comic poets, and witnessed the death struggles of the gladiators. In one brief, wild space of terror, the life of this brilliant city was extinguished. The throng gazing upon the death throes of the combatants, were themselves suddenly dashed out of existence; the reveller dropped the uplifted wine-cup in a vain attempt to fly from the banquet hall; where, perhaps, he has just repeated sportively the Egyptian sentiment "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow thou shalt die."

In that awful hour God said: "Let there be darkness!" and the elements obeyed him. In all history there is no record so mournful as this; and until the end of time the fate of Pompeii, amid the changes of existence, will arrest attention, and breathe a mournful lesson from the past.

◆

UNITED STATES NAVY.—The principal navy yards in the United States are all very quiet. Forty men were discharged from the Charlestown navy yard last week, and very little is going on, either at this station or at Norfolk. Their appearance is in strong contrast with the European naval stations, where the utmost activity prevails, in preparation for a struggle.

◆

EXPORTATIONS OF BREADSTUFFS. — The Courier and Enquirer says that "since September 1st, there have been exported to Europe alone, from this country, 1,100,000 barrels flour; 4,750,000 bushels wheat; and 650,000 corn."

◆

SOMETHING NEW.—A Frenchman has invented a kind of paper made from gutta percha, which is considered to be superior to all other kinds for lithographs and engravings.

◆

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT. — A stringent prohibitory liquor law has been introduced in the Legislature of Wisconsin.

◆

SCARCE ARTICLE.—Gratitude is a feature much admired, but rarely to be seen.

A CUNNING ROGUE.

A few days since, our city police arrested one of a numerous class of rogues who infest our large cities. People in the country who lead quiet and peaceable lives, knowing every person whom they meet, and rarely coming in contact with the busy world, as seen through the phases of city life, are blissfully ignorant of the cunning of dishonesty, and the adroitness of thorough-bred rogues. The particular "case" to which we wish to refer, is the following: A gold watch and some money having been stolen from a house in East Boston, the police were informed of the fact, and arrested an individual at the National House, on suspicion of his being the thief. Upon being brought to the police office he proved to be a rogue who had been named on the police books the "Confidence Man," an individual that has been "doing" a number of our first men out of sums of money varying from $1 to $20. He has been arrested three or four times for obtaining money by false representations to different parties on whom he called, but was allowed to depart on his promise to leave the city.

In one of his pockets was found a list of more than three hundred names, copied from the list of the rich men of the city, published by Mr. Eastburn. He admitted that he had obtained some $300 from different gentlemen named in the catalogue. He kept close quarters during the day, and in the evening would visit some person whom he selected for a "victim," and by reciting a plausible and pathetic story, endeavor to effect a loan of a small sum from their bounteous supply, until such time as he would be able to refund it. His list is quite a curiosity, as several of the names thereon are those of legal gentlemen, and admonitory side notes remind the reader that "wool" can't be very easily "pulled over their eyes." The persons visited have a hand placed before their names, and from the great number of these marks on the list it is safe to infer that nearly all the "rich" men were politely requested to supply the pressing wants of the arrested party, who has given his name as George Frame *alias* Currier, *alias* Carre, *alias* William Stobaugh, with other applications too numerous to mention. He was committed for future examination.

COMMENDABLE.

Mr. Edward Harris, a large woolen manufacturer in Woonsocket, R. I., in order to encourage persons in his employ to save and put at interest a portion of their earnings against a day of sickness and want, offers to the twenty-five persons who shall save the largest per cent. of their earnings, during the year, a premium of twenty-five dollars; and to the twenty-five persons who shall save the next largest per cent., ten dollars. Mr. Harris has long been noted for his sympathy with those in his employ, and this liberal offer is only an additional evidence of his interest in their welfare. Mr. Harris's charity or benevolence is of that wise and judicious, though rather rare kind, which helps others by encouraging or enabling them to help themselves.

◆

INSANE ASYLUM AT TAUNTON.—We learn from the New Bedford Standard that this new and elegant building was delivered by the commissioners who had charge of its erection, into the hands of the trustees on Thursday, 2d ult. The building now only requires to be supplied with furniture, to be ready for the reception of patients. It will probably be opened about the first of April. The entire cost of construction has not exceeded $150,000. Dr. Choate, formerly of Ipswich, has, it is said, been appointed superintendent.

◆

CALIFORNIA.—The letters from California speak of the terribly depressed condition of business in San Francisco. Entire cargoes were disposed of to pay for their freight, storage and commission. Goods have been sent forward vastly beyond the requirements of the country, and the consequence is that there is no sale, or at least no sale that realizes anything for the shippers.

◆

DR. HAMMERSLEY'S GYMNASIUM.—We are pleased to learn that this gentlemanly and accomplished teacher of gymnastics enjoys the full confidence of our citizens, and that his classes are filled by children of our most respectable people. The Doctor attends *personally* to his pupils.

◆

WAR IN THE EAST.—The Turks bear themselves bravely and give the Russians immense trouble. They permit their invaders no rest night nor day, falling upon them in small detachments, and cutting them up fearfully. Nicholas, with all his boasted strength, will find the game of war with the sultan no boy's play.

◆

BE CAUTIOUS.—A young lady residing in Lambeth, lately lost her life by taking mercurial worm lozenges. At the inquest, Dr. Humble, who attended the deceased, said if there was one thing more dangerous than another, it was taking calomel in the shape of a lozenge.

◆

INDIANAPOLIS.—It is said that sixty trains of cars per day arrive and depart from Indianapolis, Ia. Only think of that—sixty trains per day in a town of only fifteen thousand inhabitants!

◆

CAPITAL.—Winchell tells a good story of a boy on a railroad who imitated the whistle of a locomotive so clearly that the engineer had to get down and *switch* him off the track.

◆

POOR FELLOW!—A Western paper, speaking of a man who died in the most abject poverty and neglect, said that "he died without the *aid* of a physician."

◆

BOOTS AND SHOES.—The number of cases of boots and shoes cleared at the custom house in Boston, since January 1, is 40,876.

◆

EXPERIENCE.—Punch says, women dislike talkative men; *they know how it's done.*

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

All the dogs seem to be running mad lately. Look out for them.

The citizens of Barnstable, Mass., are applying for a custom house there.

They are agitating the subject of the Maine liquor law in Australia.

It is said that Ex-President Fillmore is about to be married. Why not?

Mike Walsh is making himself particularly conspicuous at Washington.

Camphene and burning fluid murders are as numerous as ever, we observe.

Some of the Boston ministers are preaching regular political sermons every Sabbath!

Miss Emeline Wyman hung herself the other day at Cavendish, Vt. Cause, disappointed love.

A man named Beach was cowhided a few days since in Washington, by two women.

The seat of government for the State of Georgia is to be removed to Macon.

We have had fourteen Presidents in the course of fifty-seven years.

Gov. Washburn and Lt. Governor Plunket of this State, are both fifty-four years old.

Flour dealers have been detected in selling short weight, lately.

Miami, Missouri, has lately been nearly destroyed by a raging fire.

Large arrangements are being made for emigrants to Liberia, this year.

The Roman States are suffering great scarcity of food, especially at Fanenza and Ravenna.

Thirty-seven years ago, flour in Baltimore sold at $13,75 per barrel.

The total Turkish force in Asia is estimated at 83,000 men.

The Oregon Spectator estimates the population of the territory at 40,000.

The present population of the village of Brattleboro', is 2561.

Liberality and generosity of feeling are the surest tests of a gentleman.

The Battery enlargement in New York is progressing rapidly.

In 1820 the population of St. Louis was 4123; in 1852, 94,000.

A large and splendid Town Hall has been recently erected in Greenfield, Mass.

Doctor Speer of Mellonville, Florida, has raised 20,000 lemons from 250 trees.

Professor Anderson is lecturing in Edinburg, Scotland, on table rapping.

Why is the inside of everything unintelligible? Because we can't make it out.

IRON MANUFACTURES.

The manufacture of iron in the world is divided as follows by the London Chronicle:—In Great Britain, 2,380,000 tons; United States, 400,000; France, 348,000; Russia, 189,000; Austria, 160,800; Sweden, 132,500; Prussia, 112,000; making a total of 3,723,300 tons of iron manufactured annually. In 1850 there were 450 iron furnaces in Great Britain, and of the 2,280,000 tons which these produced, about 809,000 were exported. In 1796 but 125,000 tons were manufactured in Great Britain, and the total exports were about 408 tons. During the ten months ending November 5, 1853, Great Britain exported $75,000,000 worth of iron, and by far the largest portion of this enormous mass of exports was taken by the United States. Of pig iron the United States received 57,000 tons, and Holland, which comes next upon the list, took 13,000. Of bar, bolt and rod iron, the United States took 263,530 tons, or nearly six times as much as Canada, which received the next largest amount.

◆

AN OLD SOLDIER.—Marshal Viscount Beresford, famous for his military exploits, died recently. He was the illegitimate son of the first Marquis of Waterford; and being born in 1779, was consequently 84 years old. He served at Toulon, when Bonaparte gained his first laurels; but his chief distinction rests upon his services in Spain. Like the soldiers of our own Revolution, all the old war-scarred veterans who figured during the career of Napoleon, are fast leaving the stage of life.

◆

VERY GOOD.—A lawyer was once pleading a case that brought tears into the jurors' eyes, and every one gave up the case as gone for the plaintiff. But the opposing counsel rose and said:—"May it please the court—I do not propose in this case to *bore for water*, but——" here the tears were suddenly dried, laughter ensued, the ridiculousness of the case exposed, and the defendant got clear.

◆

WORTH REMEMBERING.—A writer says—and, as a general rule, he is right—that "to give alms to an unknown beggar in the street, may appear a humane, or, at least, a harmless act. But traced to its consequences in a vagabond mendicant population, preying upon the property and disturbing the peace of the community, it is a flagrant social offence."

◆

WHALERS AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Between August and December the Sandwich Islands were visited by a large fleet of whalers, amounting to over two hundred and fifty ships, laden with 359,795 barrels of whale, and 20,857 barrels of sperm oil, and three and one quarter millions of pounds of bone.

◆

PROPER DAMAGES.—Mrs. A. West has recovered $35 damages, of a liquor seller named Henry Martin—under the Indiana law—at Brookville, for selling her husband liquor, so as to intoxicate.

◆

SINGULAR TASTE.—Raw flesh is still eaten in Abyssinia; and Mr. Parkyns, the most recent traveller in that country, pronounces it good when eaten warm from the animal.

◆

DEPLORABLE.—St. Genevieve, Missouri, contains a population of twelve hundred inhabitants, and is without a school.

◆

BAD.—In one county in Indiana, there were lately 22 applicants for divorce at one time.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The more Haste the less Speed," a sketch, by Mrs. M. E. ROBINSON.

"The Man Trap at Ashdale," a story, by T. S. ARTHUR.

"The Two Choices: a Story for Application," by AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

"Stories of Gods and Goddesses," No. 5, by T. BULFINCH.

"Darkness," lines, by Rev. H. D. L. WEBSTER.

"The Reaper," verses, by JOHN CARTER.

"Yale," a poem, by JEANETTE DE BARRE.

"Heart and Hand," lines, by DR. GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

"Reminiscences," stanzas, by J. C. PEABODY.

"The Moonbeam," lines, by HELEN A. PIERCE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

We present in this number, an engraving appropriate to the season, representing the Farmer's work for February.

A view of the Egyptian Museum, at Paris, in France.

A representation of the Michigan Great Central Railroad Depot at Detroit.

A view of the Bourbon Royal Museum at Naples, in Italy.

A portrait of Moritz Retsch, the celebrated German artist.

An engraving representing a curious bird lately found in Africa, called the Balænieeps Rex.

A large two page picture, giving at one view the Collins Fleet of New York and Liverpool Steamers.

A portrait of Marshal Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, one of the veterans of the times of Napoleon I.

A view of the Charity Fair, at Paris.

A series of plates of Fashions appropriate to the season.

⁂ The PICTORIAL is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents per copy.

Foreign Items.

Russia has made overtures to Denmark for the purchase of the island of Bornholm.

Another famine is threatened in Ireland. Provisions are enormously high, and prices are still going upwards.

It is said, that after the meeting of Parliament, a proposition will be submitted to enroll twenty thousand Irish militia.

Napoleon has written an autograph letter to the Sultan respecting the Sinope affair, and assuring Turkey of his support.

There is a rise of over 20 per cent. in the price of saltpetre, in consequence of the English government having recently made large purchases. It is said they hold nearly half the stock of the world. Look out for an explosion!

The Australian colonies continue to advance in prosperity. Although the yield of the gold mines has somewhat fallen off, emigration continues, and various plans were on foot to increase and facilitate emigration to the colonies.

The French Commission for conducting the Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations, to be opened in Paris, in May, 1855, has been appointed. It consists of thirty-seven members. The President is Prince Napoleon.

A curious discovery has been made near Jakobstad, Sweden. Some men gathering reindeer-moss in the forest found a serpent-lair, from one to two ells under the surface. The first day they killed 140, and the following days still more, so that the total number destroyed was 440.

Mr. G. V. Brooke, the actor, is in the habit of dispensing his charity every Christmas to the poor of the locality in which he may happen to be sojourning, and in Belfast, where he was acting about a fortnight ago, he did not forget his practice. He distributed among the poor, uninfluenced by any sectarian feeling, one hundred blankets, with gifts of money.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

'Tis only noble to do good.—*Tennyson.*

Lowliness is the base of every virtue.—*Festus.*

In morality it is easier to make a movement than to regulate it.—*Malesherbes.*

O greatness! thou art a flattering dream, a watery bubble, lighter than the air.—*Tracy.*

Scandal, like a reptile crawling over a bright grass, leaves a trail and a stain.—*Cunningham.*

The greatest glory of a freeborn people, is to transmit that freedom to their children.—*Havard.*

Happiness can be built on virtue alone, and must of necessity have truth for its foundation. —*Coleridge.*

What other dungeon is so dark as one's own heart! What jailer so inexorable as one's self! —*Hawthorne.*

In the voice of mirth there may be excitement, but in the tones of mourning there is consolation. —*W. G. Clarke.*

To the generous mind the heaviest debt is that of gratitude, when 'tis not in our power to repay it.—*Franklin.*

It is necessary to have a keen eye to discover the link which separates prudence from dissimulation.—*Malesherbes.*

Beauty is a great gift of heaven—not for the purposes of female vanity; but a great gift for one who loves and wishes to be loved.—*Edgeworth.*

Flatterers of every age resemble those African tribes of which the credulous Pliny speaks, who made men, animals, and even plants perish, while fascinating them with praises.—*Jean Paul Faber.*

Joker's Budget.

The ready-made shoeshops only keep one size, for each shoe is a foot long.

The lady who "colored" with indignation says it is far better than rouge or vermilion.

A country paper, descanting upon the merits of a band of music, states that it is "*par excellence.*"

A tailor, who in skating fell through the ice, declared that he would never again leave a hot goose for a cold duck.

A lady at a party in town the other evening was asked what made her cheeks so unusually red, and she promptly replied the *chaps.*

It is a singular fact, that a person in India may be very wealthy, and in poverty at the same time, he having a "*lack* of rupees."

A good name for a brilliant superficial philosopher—one who merely touches on the surface of things—would be "ELECTRO PLATO."

Lanty O'Hoolaghan being on one of the North River packets, which took fire, seated himself in the life boat, and was satisfied of his safety.

Critics are not satisfied with an artist's picture being hung, drawn, and quartered (in the Royal Academy), but they must afterwards proceed to cut it up.

An ultra epicurean, who detests over-done cookery, says, that the proper way to cook a duck is to employ a lazy cook to *walk through the kitchen with it!*

The editor of the Warren Star announces that owing to the high price of flour, original notices of marriages will be charged twenty-five cents. That is right, tax the *luxuries!*

Talleyrand, speaking of the members of the French Academy, observed—"After all, it is possible they may one day or other do something remarkable. A flock of geese once saved the Capitol of Rome."

A Western paper, speaking of a newly elected senator, says his ignorance is so dense that the auger of common sense will be longer in boring through it than it would take a boiled carrot to bore through the Hoosac Mountain.

Quill and Scissors.

There seems to be great power, for good or for evil, in a dog's tail. At Tahuta, (Miss.) some boys tied a pack of fire crackers to a canine's extremity, which ended (the trick, not the tail,) in the destruction of $200,000 worth of cotton.

The Milwaukie News of the 24th ult., states that there are two or three fresh cases of insanity in that city, from the effects of the spirit rappings humbug. Two of the victims are business men possessed of considerable pecuniary resources.

The entire number of steamships ever built in New York, is 66, whose aggregate tonnage is about 160,000 tons. Estimating their average cost at $200,000, which is very low, there have been invested in building this class of vessels $13,200,000.

Two children came near dying, a few days since, in Worcester, from inhaling the gas of a common coal stove. When discovered, one, a little girl, had fallen upon the floor, and the boy was unable to walk. A few moments more and they would have been beyond recovery.

We are glad to learn that the flour dealers, some of them, are reduced to the necessity of receding from the high prices which they have attempted to establish for that staple article of food.

Statistics show that in New York, the increase for the last ten years in the number of State Prison convicts is only 13 per cent., while the increase in population during the same time is 28 per cent.

Mr. R. S. Thomas has invented an improved Typographer, or a machine for printing directly on paper, so that ideas may be put in print without being written and afterwards "composed," as in the usual manner.

The papers say Ex-President Fillmore is affianced to Miss Elizabeth Porter, of Niagara Falls, only daughter of the late Gen. Peter B. Porter, a hero of the war of 1812, and Secretary of War under John Quincy Adams.

Forty-eight school teachers were sent west, last year, by the society of which Governor Slade is agent, and three hundred and fifty have been in all. The receipts of the society last year were $5343, and the expenditures $4786.

The Legislature of Alabama has passed a bill emancipating John Bell, the body servant of the late Wm. R. King, and authorizing him to remain in the State.

The editor of the Scientific American says, that he has not heard of a single successful instance of preventing or arresting a fire by Phillips' Annihilator.

Time is continually on the move, and human affairs change their aspect every fifty years. An institution which was perfect in 1800 may be a great nuisance in 1850.

Wm. Scofield was drowned in Stamford harbor, Ct., while attempting to cross the ice on foot to procure a coffin for a child which had died on Webb's Island.

In 1847 there was scarcely a dozen white inhabitants in the place now known as St. Paul, in Minnesota territory. The village now contains 700 houses and 4700 inhabitants.

There is said to be a great demand in Jackson, Tenn., for carpenters, bricklayers, painters and plasterers.

Patrick Dolan was killed while walking on the track of the Dedham Branch Railroad, on the 16th ult.

Young men who are obliged to "cut their own fodder" should be turned into the field of experience.

The citizens of Wheeling, (Va.) have voted by a majority of 331 against licenses to retail liquor.

Passenger and freight trains are now running from Nashville, Tenn., to Montgomery, Ala., over the Chattanooga road.

It is reported that the steamer America was burned on the Alabama river on the 29th of January, and 50 lives were lost.

Washington city has, at the present time, 50,000 inhabitants.

A telescope which is to cost $1800 has been ordered for Amherst College.

Four children were recently burned to death in a house at Oakland, Michigan.

The collored population of Cincinnati bear a proportion to whithes of one to thirty-six.

A Louisville girl, named Virginia Jones, has been flourishing in New Orleans in boy's dress.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Caswell, Mr. William A. Parsons to Miss Martha S. Caswell.

By Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Lemuel S. Crosby, of Charlestown, to Mrs. Mary H. Shirley; Mr. Joseph M. Shattuck, of San Francisco, Cal., to Miss Ann E. Bowdon; Mr. George Beal to Miss Martha A. Green, of Chelmsford; Mr. John A. Thompson to Miss Caroline E. Price; Col. Zebulon J. Wiggin to Miss Ann E. Scammon, both of Stratham, N. H.

By Rev. Mr. Dexter, Mr. Augustus H. Field to Miss Harriet S. G. Cate.

By Rev. Mr. Schwarz, Mr. William T. White to Miss Elizabeth McMahan.

By Rev. Mr. Randall, Mr. Alden E. Whitmore to Miss Fanny S. Labree.

By Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Daniel R. Eaton to Miss Maria A. Tyler.

By Rev. Mr. Dennison, Mr. Robert G. Southack to Miss Rebecca S. H. Wood.

By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Benjamin Eddy to Miss Ellen M. Weld.

By Rev. Mr. Peabody, Mr. Henry Spreul to Miss Elizabeth Thomas.

In Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Hutchins, Mr. Daniel Nickerson to Miss M. Adelaide Wilkinson.

In Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. John T. Wild to Miss Abby L. Fairbanks.

In South Malden, by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Rev. Joseph W. Tarleton to Miss Betsey S. Dutton.

In Waltham, by Rev. Mr. Boyden, Mr. Norman L. Glazier to Mrs. Mary Ann Viles.

In Hingham, by Rev. Mr. Stearns, Mr. Charles N. Marsh to Miss Joanna Hersey.

In Lisbon, by Rev. Mr. Hazen, Mr. George K. Stetson, of Lisbon, to Miss Waty A. Brown, of Jewett City.

Deaths.

In this city, Mr. Levi Wade, 72; Mr. Henry C. Bishop, 54; Mr. John Barnes, 41; Mrs. Sarah A. Rayner, 26.

At Roxbury, Mrs. Sarah Wyman, 86; Mrs. Mary Willard, 82.

At Charlestown, Mrs. Mary Eliza Cutter, 25; Hon. Henry P. Fairbanks, 45.

At Cambridge, Mrs. Harriet Stearns, 28.

At Dorchester, Mr. Isaac Withington, 81.

At Melrose, Miss Lucy Hase, second daughter of William Goodwin, Esq., formerly of Calais, Me., 28.

At Walpole, Mr. Jonathan Fletcher, 100.

At Winchester, Mr. Phineas Stone, 68.

At Lynn, Mrs. Sally Kenney; Mr. Samuel E. Smith, 33; Mrs. Nancy Hawkes, 73.

At Salem, Mrs. Betsey Story, 59; Miss Ruth Williams, 80; Mrs. Eliza Saunders, 35.

At Hancock, N. H., Charles Orton, son of John and Sarah Tenney, 16.

At Marblehead, Miss Amelia Conway, 14.

At North Danvers, Mr. William Putnam, 80.

At Gloucester, Mrs. Lucy A. Mengel, 27.

At Newburyport, William E. Currier, 16; Mr. William Porter, 76.

At Newbury, Mrs. Elizabeth Stickney, 87.

At Lowell, Charles Henry Stebbins, 18.

At Taunton, Miss Mercy T. Presbrey, 40.

At Shirley, Mr. John C. Park, 20.

At Worcester, Miss Martha M. Hardy, 19.

At Plymouth, James S. Fanure, 14; Mr. Nathaniel Barnes, Jr., 25; Mr. Ephraim Paty, 70.

Schoolcraft, Mich., Miss Sarah M. McMasters, 21.

At Benecia, Cal., Mr. Samuel H. Mitchell, 49.

At Melbourne, Australia, Captain Jacob R. Ford, of Salem, 50.

At Charleston, S. C., Mr. Robert Campbell, of Boston.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE BROKEN HARP.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

Poor broken harp, thy wild notes now
Are silent to the moaning wind;
Only the night breeze murmuring low
Flits o'er thy strings all unconfined.
Thou answerest not thy master's hand—
His joyous notes, like thine, are o'er;
The spirit that did erst command,
Hath fled—and can return no more.

Dim on the altar of the soul,
Glimmers the fitful, dying flame
That lit the bard, and bid him roll
Thy music to the call of fame.
Once thou wert lovely to his mind,
The bosom friend of stormy hours;
And fancy with fresh garlands twined
His brow, and strewed his path with flowers.

But sickness, care, and sorrow came,
Their black wings waving on the blast;
Then sunk his spirit's quivering flame,
And pleasure from his bosom past.
Dark poverty's unlovely form
Rose like a spectre from the tomb;
And on his friendless head, the storm
Burst in its all-destroying gloom.

The shadow, fame, no more was seen—
The stern, cold world had lost its charm;
Stript of its false and glittering sheen,
It is a tyrant made to harm!
Gold is the power that rules mankind;
Gain that, and ye shall wondering see
How all will smile, and meet be kind,
And even bow the servile knee!

None may repair thy shattered strings,
Harp of my youthful, happier hours!
Since death and sorrow's blighting wings
Have crushed hope's few, remaining flowers!
Though wild as wood-birds' wildest note,
Thy songs were aye in freedom's right;
No more thy thrilling echoes float,
Thy master's star is set in night.

Love, Virtue, Freedom, Nature, say,
Will ye not give one gentle sigh?
Your bard is passing to decay,
His harp is on the willow by!
My bosom friend, a fond farewell!
Since fate commands that we must part,
May peace and silence with you dwell,
Poor, shivered lyre—fond, broken heart!

* * *

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MISS CHENEYS' DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY JOHN M. GUERNSEY.

CHAPTER I.

"O, what has become of the students young that used to flourish about!"
"O, they all went home to their pa's and ma's, when the last term time was out;
And they will come back to the places they held, when vacation shall be o'er;
But my hopes like the students that were expelled, will never come back any more."
DEJECTION—*A College Ode.*

"SHALL I not take your place, Miss Carroll? You must be very tired with playing so long."

Minnie Carroll was tired, but what matter if she was? She was only the governess, and she was expected to play waltzes, quadrilles and reels, as long as the company chose to dance. So she had been playing nearly an hour and a half with scarcely a moment's intermission, and her fingers and head ached sadly, and her hands flew over the keys mechanically. Minnie would like to have danced too, for she could, and had often done so before her father died, and before she had been governess to the younger branches of the Cheney family; but of course no one dreamed of asking the governess to dance, any more than they would have asked the piano forte to join the quadrille; the piano forte was there to be played upon, and Minnie Carroll was there to play upon it, which was all very proper, no doubt, for, as Mrs. Cheney justly observed, it is necessary to make "such people" keep their place. To be sure Minnie Carroll was just as pretty and just as much of a lady as any of the girls assembled in Mrs. Cheney's parlors, and being a governess, she was not, of course, altogether ignorant of music, or drawing, or French, or German, or Italian, but then it was "her place" to know all that, and no one spoke of the accomplished Miss Carroll, as they might have done, if she had not belonged to that indefinite class—"such people."

Miss Eliza had signified to Miss Carroll that afternoon that she would be expected to play for them that evening, and they were going to have a few friends to tea and have a little dance afterwards, and, in obedience to the signification, Minnie had come into the room, and seating herself at the piano, had played till she was very tired. Minnie would have liked to have danced, for she was very fond of the exercise, but it was out of the question of course, and as she played on, one thought after another came chasing each other through her head, and once, as the waltzers whirled past her, she remembered that the last time she had waltzed—except in the way of teaching children—was when her brother Tom in his delight at being told by his father that he might go to sea if he really wished it so much, had thrown his arms around her waist and whirled her round the parlor of their old home in the country, till they were both too tired to stand, and she remembered all the gay castles in the air they had built together before he went away; of how he was to come back to her with honor and distinction, in a fair way to be a great man.

Poor Tom never came back. He was drowned in the depths of the great wild Atlantic, and as Minnie thought about him, the music grew slower and tears came into her eyes, and Miss Eliza said to her mother that Miss Carroll took no pains at all, and did not keep time; upon which Mrs. Cheney crossed the room to Minnie and gave her to understand that she must take more pains, and not play so slowly, as it was very disagreeable; and Minnie, with a sigh swelling in her heart, and perhaps a little indignation there too, promised compliance. As Mrs. Cheney left her, she struck up a lively tune, and played perhaps a little too fast, and when I tell you, dear reader mine, that the color in her cheek deepened a shade, and that she drew her petite figure up a trifle, you may perhaps divine the cause why her little fingers flew over the keys so wilfully; but poor Minnie, she was very tired, though she played so very rapidly. "Shall I not relieve you, Miss Carroll? You must be very tired with playing so long."

Minnie thought Captain Southerland was very kind, but she thought too, that he only meant to be polite, and that he would not like it, if she accepted his offer and left him to play for others, when he wished to dance himself; so she said, "No, I thank you, sir," and continued her task. Captain Southerland knew her well enough to bow to her when he saw her in the street, and he knew that she was called Miss Carroll, and that was all he did know about her, except that she was a governess; but Captain Southerland was a good-natured young gentleman, and seeing that the governess had been furnishing the company with amusement for an hour and a half, he pitied her fatigue, and offered to relieve her at the piano, which was very kind of the captain.

The tone in which Minnie said, "No, I thank you, sir," made her weariness more evident than before; and the captain thought within himself that it was too bad that she should be expected to sit still all the evening for the amusement of other people, so he persisted in his offer of assistance.

"I am sure you are tired to death," he said; "pray let me take your place. There, they are getting together a country dance, and you will never be able to play all the way through it. Indeed, Miss Carroll, I assure you I am a very determined person, and must positively have my own way;" and before she well knew what she was doing, Minnie had relinquished the music stool and the captain had occupied it, and was rattling off "Money Musk" carelessly enough—yet with a touch and execution that showed that he knew how to use a piano, and he did not pound the poor instrument in that unmerciful way which some people call all "creation," and so it is—or rather execution by lynch law—next door but one to deliberate murder of time and tune.

One word about Captain Southerland. He was not very particularly handsome, nor very rich, but he had a great talent for making himself agreeable, and was always doing all sorts of kind and polite things, and he was in great request with all the young ladies, and was an officer beside.

Miss Eliza and Miss Caroline Cheney were officer-mad. They would walk a dozen miles to meet an officer and walk two squares in his company. The United States button was a loadstone which drew them toward it by a mysterious influence; it was the "bright, particular star" which they worshiped. If there was only a uniform by their side, they did not care what sort of a man wore it. If he was as poor as Job, and as old as Methusaleh, and as stupid as — Rasselas, it all went for nothing; if he only wore an epaulet, and was called captain, or major, or colonel, the Misses Cheney were beatified when he spoke to them. They were in love with the army, and would have married that institution collectively, and in general, had it been possible.

Captain Southerland was of course high in favor with the Misses Cheney. They knew just how he dressed, and one terribly warm July Sunday, when he wore a straw hat to church, they knew just what color was the ribbon round the crown. They knew of course that he was not married, and that he was not more than five or six and twenty, and as a matter of course, they set their caps at him with all their might and main, and not only their caps which is figurative, but literally their dresses and capes and bonnets and mantillas, and everything else they could think of. Miss Eliza, who was the beauty and not very accomplished, shook her curls at the captain, and smiled bewitchingly upon him every time she saw him, and Miss Caroline, who was accomplished, and not much of a beauty, drew pictures at him, and spoke French at him, and played upon the piano and sang at him, and the captain having unfortunately for himself an ear for music, was nearly drawn to the verge of politeness thereby. The Misses Cheney were very indignant when any other young lady spoke to the captain—she was trying to catch him—they knew she was, and they thought it improper in the extreme—so as a matter of course when they saw that the captain had taken Miss Carroll's place at the piano, they conjectured that the governess and the captain must have spoken to each other, and were very much aggravated thereby, and thought Miss Carroll need not lay herself out to attract admiration; but they could not possibly leave the dance and tell her so, though they would have liked to very much.

Pretty soon refreshments came in, and the captain stopped playing as the people stopped dancing, and when their guests had been attended to, and Miss Eliza and Miss Caroline could look toward the piano again, they saw an awful sight. They saw that the captain had procured Miss Carroll a saucer of ice, and there they were, standing talking together, just as if she had not been a governess. There stood the most desirable beau in the room—the only officer, talking to Miss Carroll, and the worst was, that they seemed to be having a very gay conversation, and the captain looked pleased and interested, and was evidently taking pains to make himself acceptable to the governess. She, to forget her place and position in that way, and act just as if she had not been brought down into the parlor for the sole purpose of playing dancing tunes and no other—and talk to an officer, as if she were a person to enjoy that distinguished happiness! It was horrible! and what made it so very unendurable was, that the captain seemed to have no intention of quitting his position by Miss Carroll's side—and there, he is actually playing with Minnie's plain little white fan as he never did with Miss Eliza's carved ivory one! They wanted dreadfully to rush in and rescue him, but they could not very well themselves, and so they sent their mother, who was as much shocked as her daughters; so Mrs. Cheney sailed over to the piano, magnificent in black satin and a French worked collar and underhandkerchief, that were crushing and overwhelming, and casting a glance of horrified reproof at Minnie, asked the captain if he did not want to come and be introduced to Miss Perry, who was a belle. But the obtuse and perverse young man was much obliged to Mrs. Cheney, but he already knew Miss Perry, and preferred remaining where he was, and went on telling Minnie about Mexico, where he had served and gained his captain's commission. Minnie knew what Mrs. Cheney and her daughters were thinking of, and as she was a lady, and a maidenly one, too, though she was a governess, her cheek flushed, and she was suddenly silent, and only answered, "yes sir," and "no sir," when the captain spoke.

And perhaps the captain understood it too, for he looked across to where Miss Caroline was standing, watching him with an expression of great provocation upon her face, and there was another person who looked somewhat provoked, and it was not Miss Eliza, though that young lady seemed very uneasy in her mind and temper.

"Miss Carroll," said Mrs. Cheney severely, "Caroline will play when the company want to dance again. Little Adeline was feverish tonight, perhaps you had better go up and see how she is;" and her presence being indispensable at the other side of the room, Mrs. Cheney sailed back again, and poor Minnie with a certain sense of insult in her heart, bowed to Captain Southerland, and turned to leave the apartment.

"Let me give you an escort to the door, Miss Carroll," said the captain, offering his arm to Minnie.

Minnie glanced round the room and saw what the captain had seen before, that several of the polite company had rested on their spoons and coffee cups and were staring at the governess, who was so audacious as to talk to an officer, and a little knot round the Misses Cheney were whispering and laughing as though there were something intensely amusing in the idea, and the way they looked at Minnie plainly showed that they were making themselves a vast deal of merriment over the extraordinary presumption of the governess.

Poor Minnie, the color flushed up to her forehead, and she hesitated a moment, but then all the observers stared more than ever, and she caught her own name spoken in a contemptuous tone by Miss Caroline. For one moment then she hesitated, but the feeling that there was no one in the world to protect her from insult, came over her so strongly—and she felt that she could not cross the great room before that battery of eyes—and instinctively she put her little white hand in the captain's offered arm, and walked with him to the door. Thereupon the whispering and tittering redoubled, but the captain raised his eyes and looked round upon the assembly with a peculiar glance, which someway silenced them, and made the young ladies and gentlemen that were amusing themselves at the governess's expense, look every possible way except in the direction of the captain and Miss Carroll, and try to seem preoccupied and unconcerned with all their might. The captain had never looked so happy in all his life as he did during the few moments he occupied in escorting the governess to the door. Minnie did not raise her eyes from the carpet, but she felt very grateful to the captain and thought that he was very much like Tom.

He parted from her at the door, and when he said, "good night, Miss Carroll," his tone was just as respectful as if she had been an heiress.

Minnie said as she looked up into his face, "good night, Captain Southerland, you are very kind," and then as she could hardly restrain her tears, she said, "good night" again, and ran up stairs to the room which she occupied with little Adeline, who was in perfect health and not at all feverish; and then she threw herself upon the bed and cried herself to sleep, wishing that she had a brother to take care of her, and thinking that Captain Southerland was very kind.

Poor Minnie, she was only a governess, and an orphan too, and though she was but nineteen, she was very, very unhappy.

CHAPTER II.

"You may send away the children for a few minutes, Miss Carroll," said Mrs. Cheney, as she majestically entered the library where Minnie was teaching arithmetic to four little blonde Cheneys.

Mrs. Cheney was followed by her two eldest daughters, and the three ladies were in a state of virtuous indignation, edifying to behold.

Poor Minnie, she guessed what was coming, or, as the story books say, "the storm" or "the avalanche" or "the sword" impending over her head. She told the children that they might leave the room, and then as Mrs. Cheney had taken a seat, Minnie kept her seat, while Miss Eliza and Miss Caroline threw themselves on the sofa, and sneered at the governess. Their lady mother severely remarked that "she had been astonished the last night."

Minnie colored and fixed her eyes on the carpet, but did not reply.

"Your conduct last night, Miss Carroll, was singular in the extreme. If you have anything to say, I should be glad to hear it. I wait for a reply," concluded Mrs. Cheney, in a tone that expressed "How condescending I am to wait for a reply from you."

"To what do you refer, ma'am?" asked Minnie, raising her eyes and looking at Mrs. Cheney.

The young ladies laughed wonderfully, and simultaneously cried, "O dear!"

"Your coquetting with Captain Southerland, Miss Carroll," returned Mrs. Cheney, excitedly. "I must tell you that it was exceedingly unbecoming a young woman in your position. You must know that a gentleman in Captain Southerland's situation, can mean nothing by such attentions. Your conduct was improper, and I was shocked to see a young woman entrusted with the education of my children, exposing herself to general remark in that manner.

"And with an officer too, ma," said Miss Caroline.

"Taking his arm across the room," persevered Mrs. Cheney. "I was shocked."

"Every one noticed it, ma," said Miss Eliza.

Minnie did not speak, but she pressed her lips together and twisted her only ring with poor Tom's hair in it, round her finger.

"I am not in the habit of having any one conduct themselves like that in my house, and I will not and shall not have it," said Mrs. Cheney, growing excited. "I will not have it. Do you hear, Miss Carroll? I will not stand it."

"I have not deserved this," said Minnie, trying hard to speak calmly. "I was very tired with playing almost incessantly for an hour and a half, and Captain Southerland very kindly offered to relieve me;"—the young ladies smiled—"I declined at first, but he persisted, so that I could not refuse."

"Ah, indeed, miss, certainly not, of course not—but why did you stand flirting with him in the face and eyes of all the company and in all propriety. Tell me that?"

The young ladies also triumphantly requested that Minnie should tell them that.

Minnie rose from her seat, and clasping her little hands together, looked Mrs. Cheney full in the face.

"I was not flirting with Captain Southerland, madam," she said, indignantly.

"Pray, what were you doing, miss?" interrupted Miss Eliza. "The way you laid yourself out to attract admiration was shocking, perfectly shocking, and if I was ma, I'd let you know it."

"Perfectly dreadful to any person of cultivation," said Miss Caroline.

"This is unjust and insulting," said Minnie, with a voice and tone of indignation; "and no one has a right to charge me with this. I was unconscious of any effort to attract Captain Southerland's admiration."

"No impertinence, if you please, miss," said Miss Eliza and Miss Caroline simultaneously. "Ma, she said we laid ourselves out to catch the captain."

Not all Minnie's distress kept back the little quick smile that came and went in a moment.

"None of your impertinence, miss," said Mrs. Cheney, growing very red. "Remember your position, if you please. Your conduct was unwomanly in the extreme, and forward to the verge of respectability."

"My position, Mrs. Cheney, gives you no right to insult me," said Minnie, her voice trembling in spite of herself. "What have I done that I should be so cruelly treated? I did accept Captain Southerland's arm to the door, because I had not the courage to endure alone, the insult to which your guests subjected me."

"Mighty grand indeed, for a governess," sneered Miss Eliza. "How do you know what Captain Southerland's intentions were?"

"I am sure that Captain Southerland is an honorable man," said Minnie, coloring to the temples, "and never would have taken advantage of my unprotected situation to insult me;" and the governess could bear no more, and sobbed as though she had feelings just like a young lady.

"If you had heard him speak of you after you went away, perhaps you would not be quite so sure that he was in love with you. He said that it was perfectly plain that you were trying to catch a husband, and though he might amuse himself with you a little, he shouldn't be caught," said Miss Eliza, manufacturing a fact for the occasion, for Captain Southerland had made his adieux directly after the governess had left the room, and had not once mentioned Miss Carroll's name

Poor Minnie, she covered her face with her handkerchief and wept so bitterly that the young ladies who had been quite triumphant before, looked a little alarmed, but their mother, being used to deal with "such people," knew better than to be affected by a governess who chose to show off her feelings.

"This display will do no good, Miss Carroll," said that exemplary lady; "I understand it perfectly. It is nothing but temper. You are angry that you have not made an impression upon the captain, but one does not think of a gentleman's actions as they do of a lady's—a woman's, I mean. Of course I cannot wish that a young woman who has so little sense of propriety should continue to be my children's governess. You may find another situation, Miss Carroll, as soon as you please."

"'T was too bad—poor dear. Wasn't it, Caroline?" said Miss Eliza, in a tone that showed that she thought it an excellent joke. "If you'd only heard him take off your ways, Miss Carroll, you'd have been surprised."

"'T was wicked in him to raise her hopes," said Miss Caroline. "If you'd only heard him, Miss Carroll, 'poor thing,' he said, 'I know she'd like to be Mrs. S., it goes to my heart to disappoint her.'"

"It is impossible, I am sure," sobbed poor Minnie. "I am sure that Captain Southerland could never—is too much a gentleman," and she could not speak.

"O dear me! So you charge us with telling a story, miss," cried the sisters together. "Ma, did you ever!"

"You may just make the best of it, miss," said Miss Eliza. "And I wonder how you dare say the captain is no gentleman. He did amuse us all with taking off your airs and graces."

"I must beg leave to disagree with you, Miss Cheney," said a grave, rather stern voice behind the young lady. "Miss Carroll would be perfectly right in considering me no gentleman, if I had used the words which you ascribe to me, and which I certainly never uttered."

"O my gracious! Captain Southerland!" exclaimed the young ladies, and Miss Eliza looked at Miss Caroline, and Miss Caroline looked at her mother, who looked nowhere in particular, and the trio stood in dismayed silence. Minnie took her handkerchief from her face, and rose from her seat.

"I am going, Mrs. Cheney," she said; "nothing would induce me to remain another day in a house where I have been so cruelly treated and insulted."

"And where do you intend to go, miss?" inquired Mrs. Cheney, in a passion; "to my certain knowledge, you have not a friend in the world."

Minnie knew that well enough, poor child! She had a distant relation in a town four hundred miles away, but she was a widow with a family of little children to support by her own labor.

"Indeed, I do not know. I have no friend but God," but she could not trust herself to speak.

"If Miss Carroll will accept my service," said Captain Southerland, and he drew Minnie's hand within his arm, "I shall be most happy to be her protector as far as lies in my power."

The captain had described himself exactly when he called himself a determined person.

Mrs. Cheney said that she was disgusted, but the captain did not seem to care much whether she was or not, and was equally indifferent to the young ladies' exclamations of horror.

"If Miss Carroll will permit me to send for a carriage, I am sure that my sister will be very happy to receive her."

The captain's sister was the wife of the Rev. Dr. Campe, the pastor of the principal church in the town.

"I guess if you tell your sister the whole story, Captain Southerland, she wouldn't quite agree with you."

He neither heard nor heeded.

"Will you allow me, Miss Carroll?" he asked, of Minnie.

Minnie said "yes sir;" what else could she say, poor child—and withdrawing her hand from the captain's arm, she ran up stairs for her bonnet and shawl. Why should she have been so particular just at this moment, that the plain little black lace veil should hang so becomingly over the edge of her simple little chip hat?

"You aint going away, are you, Miss Carroll?" exclaimed Emeline Cheney, bursting into the room. All Minnie's care had never been able to eradicate several questionable habits in respect to grammar.

"O you aint, are you?" cried little Joe, following his sister. "Ma and the girls have been scolding you, I know they have."

"They always are," said little Emeline, and thereupon began to cry, and Joe declared "it was real mean; that it was."

"I know what it is," said the young gentleman, fixing his eyes upon the young governess—"Cal and Lize are mad about Captain Southerland,—cause you're so much prettier than they are."

"O hush, Joey, hush!" said Minnie, coloring. "Yes, Emeline dear, I am going, and now good-by," and releasing herself, with a kiss to each, from the sobbing children, she proceeded to place the few articles she needed most in a little straw basket—Minnie was too much agitated to think with much clearness, but she hoped that Mrs. Campe might help her to procure a situation, and she was very glad that Captain Southerland had not said what Mrs. Cheney had told her.

The captain was not particularly entertaining during Minnie's brief absence. He went to the door and sent a little Irish boy for a carriage—and then accepted Mrs. Cheney's invitation to return to the library. When the captain re-entered that apartment, she said that she wondered he could not see through that girl's pretences, but he intimated that he thought himself fully capable to take care of his own interests—and expressed in rather decided terms the opinion that Minnie had been very cruelly used. Whereupon Miss Eliza scornfully said, that Miss Carroll was ridiculous; and Miss Caroline spitefully denominated the governess as "a thing," to which remark the captain only replied very quietly, "that he could not hear Miss Carroll insulted, by even a lady," and the tone and the look which accompanied the words, effectually silenced the three ladies, and the two daughters flounced—yes, dear reader, it is *not* an elegant word, but they did flounce out of the room, and their mother sailed after them with feelings more easily imagined than described, leaving the captain alone in the library.

While he sits there, handling Minnie's little thimble, which she has left there—and you can tell by the very way in which he looks at it, that he is very much in love with Minnie Carroll. While he sits there, we say, we will tell the reader how he happened to make his appearance just as he did.

The captain was not blind, or deaf, and therefore he could not but see that either of the Misses Cheney would be very glad to change their name for his, and he saw also that they were very much provoked at any other young lady who ventured to speak to him. He saw that Minnie was pretty, interesting and cultivated, and infinitely superior to her employees, and he pitied her, for it was very evident that Minnie's comfort, convenience or feelings, were not much considered in the family. He was not a little indignant at the insult which had been offered to the poor girl, of whose distress he was the innocent cause. The captain said several times on his way home, that "it was a shame," and that "it was contemptible," and that such conduct was "beneath contempt;" finally resolving that he would see Miss Carroll again, if all the foolish girls and disagreeable manoeuvering mothers in creation interfered to prevent it. He could see Miss Carroll only by going to Mrs. Cheney's, and he thought that he would ask Miss Eliza and Miss Caroline to accompany him to an Horticultural Exhibition, which was to take place that afternoon, and then, thought he, "I know they will ask me home with them to tea—and then, he thought, what a little white hand Miss Carroll had—and how it had trembled when she took his arm. So in the morning he went to Mrs. Cheney's, and was shown into the parlor from which the library opened, just as the lecture to the governess was begun, and heard every word of the conference within. He ought not to have listened, perhaps, but he did, until Miss Eliza told Minnie what he had *not* said, when he could endure it no longer, and came in and contradicted her, as we have already seen. Very indignant the captain was, and the contempt which he felt for the Cheneys collectively, was irrepressible. Ah, Miss Eliza, Miss Caroline, neither of you will ever marry the captain. You will never be Mrs. Captain Southerland of the United States Army, as you, Miss Eliza, fondly scribbled yourself all over a piece of paper this morning. The captain will never introduce you to any more of his military friends, I am afraid. He will marry the governess, he is fully determined to do it, and all the trouble you have taken to captivate him, is now nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit.

It was but a few minutes before Minnie came down, looking very sweetly, but very sad, and as the captain assisted her into the carriage, he said within himself that her days as a governess were over.

He did not enter the carriage with Minnie, but seated himself upon the box, and she understood his motive, and thanked him for it, though not audibly, and they soon arrived at the house of the captain's reverend brother-in-law. Not a little astonished was Mrs. Campe, when her brother told her the story, with several energetic expressions relative to Mrs. Cheney and her fair daughters.

"What a shame!" said the little lady. "Poor girl! How cruel!" and hurrying herself into the other room where Minnie sat, tormenting herself with a thousand doubts and anxieties, Mrs. Campe kissed the tearful face that turned to her with such a questioning, entreating look, and assured her that the doctor and she herself would do all they possibly could for her, and Minnie dropped her head on her new friend's shoulder, and cried as if her heart was broken, but it was just the contrary in reality.

Mrs. Campe sent her brother away, telling him he might come back in the evening if he wished.

When Dr. Campe returned, his wife told him the story, concluding, "Now, my dear, what shall we do?"

"Why give the poor child a home of course, till she finds another, Jeanette."

"I imagine that it wont be very long before she does," said the minister's wife.

Minnie never found a situation as a teacher or governess—for this reason. One month after her hasty departure from Mrs. Cheney's, Miss Eliza and Miss Caroline with indescribable emotions, read in the morning paper the following announcement: "Married on the 15th inst., at St. George's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Campe, Captain John R. Southerland of the United States Army, and Minnie, daughter of the late Thomas Carroll, Esq., of Carrollsville, New York.

Miss Eliza and Miss Caroline did not call upon the bride, and they always spoke of the captain as "that Southerland," but he survived.

Miss Caroline continued faithful in her devotion to the army, till she married a young lieutenant deeply in debt, who found her ten thousand dollars a very convenient addition to his pay. They do say, both the ladies and gentleman of the garrison of Fort K—that she does not lead the young man a very pleasant life.

Miss Eliza still worships the army, but the compliment does not seem to be returned. Miss Eliza is not so young as she was once, but a uniform is still a garb of glory to her eyes, and a sure passport to her favor. Mrs. Cheney prophesied that the captain would repent of his marriage in dust and ashes, meaning, we presume, that Mrs. Southerland would not be a good housekeeper, but we have as yet perceived no signs of such a very undesirable consummation of the union—for the captain and his wife are very much in love with each other.

* * *

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

RELIGION.

BY H. G. LUTHER.

The polar star points out the homeward course
To him whose bark floats on the midnight wave,
Proving indeed a true and steadfast friend
When nought but that the mariner could save.

E'en so Religion points out the way to man
Who wildly rides upon life's boisterous sea,
And is the only guide from whom to learn
A haven safe, a bright eternity.

O, cheering thought, and consolation sweet,
While struggling on our way, mid cares and strife,
That for the faithful here, there is reserved
On high, hereafter, an eternal life.

* * *

MISSING A DAY.

The Danbury, Mass. Times mentions an amusing incident which occurred in that town, lately. A worthy farmer got the impression that Friday was Saturday—and at evening put up his stock preparatory to the duties of the Sabbath. His Sunday was unusually disturbed by the running of trains on the Danbury Railroad, much to his surprise; but concluding that there was some very especial reason for it, magnanimously concluded to overlook the desecration. On Sunday morning he started for Bethel with a load of wood, and was impressed with an unusual movement of people along the road, but knowing that he had kept Sunday, the circumstance did not occur to mind that he might have made a mistake, until when hauling his team into the village, he observed the people flocking to their respective churches! The way he unhitched his team, leaving his cart and load of wood by the wayside—and made tracks for home is a subject of especial remark in that region.

* * *

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Decidedly the coolest affair of this winter came off the other afternoon; when one of the "fast men," in a new trotting wagon with a two horse team, turning out of the stable suddenly, his horses started, struck the wheels on one side against the curb stone, and tipped the driver out, who scrambled to his feet, hailed a friend looking on (as the team, driverless, dashed at full speed up the street), with "Hallo! what'll you give for that wagon as it runs? quick! how much?"

"Sixty dollars," was the reply.

"Done!" .

Two minutes afterwards, at the corner of a neighboring street, there was a pile of broken spokes, tires and springs, with damaged wagon body, etc., waiting for the purchaser.—*Philadelphia Bizarre.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A CONTRAST.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDREDGE.

BEFORE MARRIAGE.

Come, sit beside me, dearest love,
And place your hand in mine;
Try on this little white kid glove,
The prettiest I could find.
You'll wear it on our bridal day,
When shall it be? come, dearest, say!

O, do not blush—thy blooming cheeks
Are bright as roses now;
A blush would make them all too fair!
Thy fair and open brow,
'Twould with the snow-white lily vie,
Dear May, be mine, or else I die!

She gently placed her hand in his,
And low, sweet words of love
Were whispered by the happy pair;
The little white kid glove
Was drawn upon the pretty hand,
And they were joined in Hymen's band.

AFTER MARRIAGE.

Do stay at home, dear Charles, to-night,
The baby's cried all day!
And I'm all wearied out with care,
O, stay at home, do stay!
The fire is glowing warm and bright,
Come, stay at home with me to-night!

Why, May, do tell me if you think
To keep me by your side!
I stayed at home one night last week,
And then you sobbed and cried
Because I would not read to you,
I was so tired, and sleepy, too!

And so he went! and May's bright dream
Of happiness was o'er;
She wiped away a falling tear,
And as she closed the door,
She wished she'd lived a single life;
It was too late—she was a wife!

* * *

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE

UNSUCCESSFUL PICTURE.

BY LUCY LINWOOD.

A SMALL room in the upper story of an obscure building in the crowded city of Paris, was occupied as the studio of Seymore Chapelle—a young French artist.

The last ray of the declining sun had retreated from the only window of the apartment, but the skilful hand of the artist had succeeded in fixing its likeness upon the beautiful sketch which rested upon the easel before him; and he stood, gazing admiringly and with a feeling of honest pride upon the production. It was his last and best effort, and the peculiar circumstances under which it was executed, rendered its success a matter of deep interest as well as importance to the artist.

Hitherto he had labored under discouragements, with scarce ever a streak of good fortune to illume his obscure pathway; and in the present instance he still feared a repetition, or rather a continuation of his former ill luck. Not for lack of talent, however, or application to business, were his efforts unappreciated; for many of his productions were pronounced by amateurs to be noble specimens of art. Still, all were content with praising, and none were ready to give him proof of their approbation in a manner which might have offered him encouragement to persevere in the hope of future reward.

Thus far in life he had been doomed to struggle with poverty, and day by day that struggle seemed growing more and more severe.

A bright star had once beamed upon his path, when he took to his heart and home a fair and loving creature, hoping to make her happy there; but its light had disappeared and now he suffered the painful thought that she too was a sharer in his woes. A lovely babe was the light and joy of his humble home, but its very innocence, and unconsciousness of evil, was a source of many a pang to the parent's heart, for he felt that with him rested its future good or ill.

Such being his situation, it was not strange that he clung wildly to every hope that came within his grasp.

The picture he had just finished had been ordered some weeks previous, by a gentleman of wealth who resided in the city, but unfortunately he was a man of very peculiar notions, and a very inferior judge of paintings. He had furnished the design himself, however, and promised a very liberal reward if it should suit him.

It was a game of chance with Chapelle, and a successful result would probably secure to him a position which might lead to a fortune. Besides, his circumstances were peculiarly embarrassing, just at that time, and he was in great need of funds. Being acquainted with the character of his customer, he devoted extra time and study upon the picture which was quite an elaborate piece of work, and it really reflected much credit on the artist.

The design was a landscape, diversified by hills and valleys, trees and flowers most beautifully arranged; and in the foreground was a deep, broad stream, whose glassy surface mirrored the bright rays of the sun which were now and then intercepted by a passing cloud. On the flowery banks of the dangerous stream sported a lovely child, who in its innocent and thoughtless glee had strayed too near its borders, and was just in the attitude of stepping over the brink and plunging into the stream. Just above its head was pictured, in a light cloud, a little host of angels bending over and hovering round the little victim of innocence, each one seemingly anxious to save the child from the fatal plunge. Every feature of the drawing was carefully studied, and it was altogether arranged with exquisite taste.

It was finally finished and sent to the gentleman's residence. It was near night, and not expecting to hear from it till the next day, the artist closed his studio and returned home for the night.

"Well, Francina, I have finished the picture and it is on its way to Monsieur Beaujean's residence," said he to his wife as she met him with an anxious countenance.

"O, I am so glad!" said she, "for we need so many things in the family, and dear little Jamie is suffering for want of warmer clothing. You look sad. You do not have any doubt about his taking it—do you?"

"Certainly, my dear, I have doubts, and I would not have you place too much dependence upon it, though I hope for the best, surely. If it was any one else but *him* I should feel almost sure that it would suit, but you know what a singular person he is. It is very difficult for any one to please him. I shall know all about it to-morrow, for if I do not hear from him I shall go and see him myself."

He had scarcely finished the sentence when some one rapped at the door, and it proved to be the messenger who had returned with the picture, saying that "Monsieur did not like it."

"Does not like it? What fault does he find with it?" asked Chapelle, in astonishment.

"O, he said the sky was too blue or the grass too green, or something of the kind. I don't know exactly what he said," was the brief reply; and the messenger departed having fulfilled his duty, leaving the picture on the painter's hands.

"There," said the artist, turning to his wife with a look of despair, "that is the end of that scheme. It is just what I might have expected too, from him, but I thought as he chose his own subject he could do no less than take the picture at some price. But here it is, the labor of a month, returned upon my hands with the simple excuse that the sky is too blue! or the grass too green! and he thinks no more of it than he would of returning a hat that did not fit him. I was a fool to have undertaken the task of trying to please him at all."

"O, no," said Francina. "It is not quite so bad as that. It is a beautiful picture, and you will take it to your room where it will always be on exhibition and no doubt you will find a sale for it. I hope so at least."

"Never. I shall take it to my room, but I will store it away out of sight, for it will be like an evil genius, haunting me with bitter thoughts whenever I look upon it."

"These repeated disappointments are disheartening truly, but I beg you do not get discouraged. We can struggle along for a while longer, and some door may be opened for us yet."

"Discouraged! What have I to encourage me? How can it be otherwise? The world do not and will not appreciate the art. All other trades get a share of patronage; but the poor painter may starve, and who cares?"

"O well, it cannot be always thus. A genius like yours was never born to be buried, I am sure."

"Genius! Don't name it! It is a curse! Were it not for my genius I could go and earn an honest living. But I can paint a picture, and that is all I can do. I know nothing else."

These last expressions were uttered under a state of excitement, and were not, really, the true sentiments of his heart; but his embarrassed situation, and the sudden overthrow of a cherished hope, added to the unkind and ungentlemanly manner in which he had been treated regarding the picture, must account for the disappointment.

Francina bore the trial more bravely. Not that she felt it less, for most keenly did she realize their condition and the inevitable fate which awaited them, ere long. Still, quite as sensibly did she feel that she had a double duty to perform; that of bearing patiently the burden which was laid upon her, and of cheering her husband in his dark and trying hours. By her kind and affectionate manner, her soothing and encouraging words, she at length succeeded in calming his feelings, and persuading him to forget the past and persevere yet a little longer.

By disposing of some articles of furniture, books, etc., their most pressing demands were satisfied, and by the strictest economy they were enabled to live through the winter and the following summer.

Another year had rolled round and another winter was close at hand. Want, which had never left his dwelling, now seemed pressing harder and more closely upon poor Chapelle and his innocent family.

Fuel must be provided, provisions, however plain, amounted to quite a sum in the course of a month, and his rent had already overrun the term. Bills came rushing in from every quarter and there were no funds to meet them. Even the encouraging words of his loving wife failed to administer an antidote to his aching heart on that dark, dark day.

It was only through disguise that Francina was able to maintain her usual cheerfulness, for she saw nought but ruin staring them in the face. But a few days of anxious suspense intervened, and the fatal crisis arrived. The time had come when the debts could no longer be put off. The landlord presented his bill with strict injunctions to "pay or vacate the premises immediately." To pay was impossible, to vacate was to go out into the street. Other demands were quite as imperative, some threatening abuse, some imprisonment. Every means was tried, and many schemes devised for the purpose of satisfying, or putting off the claims. Francina proposed to sell everything and go out to service herself until they could do better.

"No. I will never consent to that while I am living," warmly responded her husband. "We will share our loaf together. I do not know which way to turn, I confess, but be assured, my dear wife, I shall never turn from you. Were it not for you and our dear little one, I would soon place the broad waters between myself and this place, I assure you."

"O, Seymore, I beg you do not name such an idea. It has not, must not come to that."

Francina could say no more. She had supported herself with wonderful fortitude thus far, but she could hold out no longer, and she fell upon her husband's neck and wept. This was too much for a ruined artist to bear, and for a moment he almost forgot that he was a man. But soon, mastering his feelings, he kissed her pale cheek, begged her "be calm," and arose and paced the room.

To divert his mind from his painful reflections for a moment, he took up a torn newspaper which lay upon the floor, and attempted to read, when suddenly his eye fell upon an advertisement headed, "A Chance for Artists."

"Look here, Francina," said he, "what is this?"

She was quickly at his side, when he read as follows:

"Count D'Rochie offers the liberal reward of ten thousand francs to the artist who will produce a perfect likeness of his deceased child, from an imperfect daguerreotype."

"There *is* a chance, truly," said Francina, her eyes brightening with hope again.

"A chance for some one, no doubt," said he, "but it is too good a chance for me, that I am sure of."

"I am not so sure of that, if you are, Seymore, and I want you should go and call on the count immediately for fear he will make an engagement with some one else."

"I assure you, my dear, I should need no urging if I believed that there was a shadow of a hope that I should get the job, or even if I should get it, that I should be able to execute it. It is no easy matter to paint a portrait without a figure to paint from."

"Never mind," urged his wife. "Do not stop to raise objections, I beg of you, but go now, just to please me, if nothing more, and if you don't accomplish anything, you certainly cannot lose anything by the means."

"Well, then, I will go just to please you, wife," said the artist—though at the same time he had made up his mind to go at any rate on his own account. "But you need not make the least dependence upon my success, only make yourself as comfortable as possible until I return, which will be, probably, very soon."

Thus saying he seized his hat and hurried to the residence of the count, who unfortunately, was not in. Chapelle, however, left a message for him requesting him to call at his studio, where he would be happy to show him some specimens of his work if he should choose to engage his services.

He then repaired to his room to await the arrival of the gentleman, who, however, he very little expected. But, contrary, to his expectations this time, after the lapse of an hour or more, the count made his appearance, and inquired for Chapelle—the artist.

"I am the man," said Chapelle, who met him at the door, "and I presume this is Count D'Rochie, whom I called upon in his absence to-day."

"The same," said he. "I have made partial arrangements with another artist to have my picture painted, but I thought I would just call and see your specimens before closing, for I do not wish any one to undertake the job unless there is a pretty fair prospect of his success."

"Very well, sir, you can see all I have at present. Here is a portrait, and yonder are a few landscape sketches," pointing to a row of pictures which hung on the opposite side of the room.

"Ah, yes, very pretty pictures," remarked the count, after casting a superficial glance around the room. "And are these all you have?"

"Those are all I have in at present, sir, I believe—ah, I think I have one more," said he, just recollecting the fancy sketch of Monsieur Beaujean's. "Here is a picture that I painted more than a year ago for a gentleman who resides in the city, and he did not take it."

As Chapelle placed the picture upon the easel, the count turned pale, staggered back into a chair, and sat gazing, with his teeth clenched, and his countenance wearing the expression of a maniac, upon the picture before him.

"What is the matter, sir?" asked Chapelle, quite alarmed at the strange appearance of the count.

"Where—where—where did you get it?" muttered the count, in broken accents.

"I painted it, sir. Original," answered the artist.

"But *the child! the child!* What did you paint the child from?" he continued, almost frantic with excitement.

"O, I met her in the street in charge of a nurse, and as she was just the subject I wanted, I hired the nurse to stop here with her while I took a sketch of her features."

"It is *my child!*" exclaimed the count, "and a *perfect likeness*, too."

"Possible?" exclaimed Chapelle, no less astonished than was the count.

"Yes. That is a perfect likeness of my little Nell, and rather than not possess that picture, I would sacrifice half my fortune; for I loved that child more than all else that I possess. Name your price for it, and the money is ready for you."

"The picture is yours, sir. I shall leave it to your generosity, to allow me what you please for it," was the generous reply of Chapelle.

Then asking for writing materials the count filled up a bank check and handing it to the artist, added: "There, sir, is a check for double the sum which I offered in my advertisement. If that is satisfactory, please send the picture to my house immediately."

Chapelle received the slip of paper with a trembling hand, while he attempted to express his gratitude which at that moment filled his heart to overflowing.

"It would be in vain for me to attempt to express my thanks, sir, for your generous gift," said he, with deep emotion. "Words are insufficient. You have saved me from ruin. This day my family would have been turned into the street but for this timely aid. You have made me a happy man, and I shall ever bless you."

"You have done as much for me; and you are welcome," was the count's reply, and they parted.

The picture was immediately delivered to the owner, and Chapelle hastened to the bank, got the money on his check and wended his way homeward with a lighter heart than he had carried for many years.

Francina had counted the moments during his absence and watched his return with breathless anxiety.

Her heart throbbed violently as she heard his first footstep upon the threshold, and she met him at the door, scarcely daring to look him full in the face, lest his returning glance should tell the tale she so much dreaded to hear. But for once her husband met her with a smile; such a smile as she had not seen on his face since the days of their honeymoon.

"You have been successful, Seymore!" were the first words that she uttered.

"Do you know that, my dear?" said he, smiling again.

"Know it? Yes indeed. What else could make you smile to-day? Tell me quickly what has happened to you."

Chapelle drew from his pocket a large bundle of bank bills and spread them before his wife upon the table.

"That is all ours," said he, "and now sit down and hear how I came by it."

The rest of the story will be anticipated by the reader, of course. Francina was astonished at the sight of so much money, and all theirs, surprised to know the details of the trade, and delighted with the sudden and happy change in their affairs.

The artist had sprung with one bound to the top of "the ladder," and wealth and fame were the rewards of his genius, at last.

Those who doubt the truth of the old adage, that "disappointments are often blessings in disguise," would do well to remember the fate of the young artist's *unsuccessful picture.*

* * *

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

INEZ AND MARY.

BY CHARLES H. STEWART.

There is a star—if not a star,
Some fair and dazzling light,
That beams upon my brow, to mar
Its intellectual sight.
If for a moment calm and pure
I feel, upon my brain
That fire enkindles passion's heat,
And turns the past to pain—
With all the charms of love arrayed,
Breaking the chain my will had made.

There is a star—if not a star,
As pure, and O, as chill;
As high and holy, and as far,
Alas, above my will.
Would it might shed more human love,
And less of Deity;
'Twould lead my erring steps above
To immortality.
My heart would dwell with visions pure,
More high, more holy, and more sure.

* * *

THE POINT OF HONOR.

The young officers who formed the military household of Louis XVIII., and whom it was sought to wound to the hearts by incessant comparisons betwixt them and the soldiers of the emperor, would not suffer the least affront. Thence arose duels every day, and a little population of duellists. * * One of these entered the Cafe Francais, on the Boulevard; glancing round contemptuously on all whom he found in the cafe, he said: "There is no finding any one to give a touch of one's sword to this morning." A gentleman in spectacles answered, "you are mistaken, sir; give me your card." On the card was "The Count of ——." The gentleman in spectacles gave his address; it was "The Marquis of ——." "M. le Compte," said the marquis, in the most tranquil tone of raillery, "I never put myself out of the way, nor alter my habits for anything in the world. I rise late in the morning. We will fight, then, to-morrow at noon." Then the marquis called the waiter: "Here," cried he, handing the waiter the count's card, "are two thousand francs. Go to the 'Pompes Funebres,' and order a funeral in the highest style, to this gentleman's name and address. The burial will be the day after to-morrow, and I will have M. le Compte buried as if he were a marquis." The bully duellist was intimidated, and the matter was settled without a meeting.—*Memoirs of Dr. Vernon.*

* * *

There is no great genius free from some tincture of madness.—*Seneca.*

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

"IT SNOWS!"

BY MISS N. M. GREENE.

"It snows!" cries the schoolboy; "it snows!" and the call
  Is echoed by playmates around;
And they joyously watch the white flakes as they fall
  In myriads over the ground.
And visions of snowballs, and pyramids rise—
  "What a time we will have," then they cry;
And gladly they gaze at the storm-laden skies,
  And watch the cold gems as they fly.

"It snows!" says the maiden, and smiles as she speaks—
  For she dreams of a clear, starry night,
When the fierce storm is past, and the wind murmurs low,
  And the moon in her beauty is bright;
And the voice of the youthful, the merry, the gay,
  Ringing out on the clear, frosty air;
With the chime of the sleigh-bells, the well-loaded sleigh,
  Of these, thinks the maiden so fair.

"It snows!" sighs the traveller; sadly he looks
  At the dark, frowning face of the sky;
As the fast falling snow hides the path from his view,
  And the cold wind blows ruthlessly by,
And he thinks of his home in the distance afar,
  And the loved ones he hopes there to meet;
And he hastens along through the harsh, winter storm,
  That the sooner his friends he may greet.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE GRENADIER'S BEQUEST.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

The *corps d'armee* commanded by Marshal Mortier, in the memorable campaign of 1805, when the new-crowned emperor of the French was compelled by the third coalition to throw aside the purple and assume the soldier's uniform once more, was marching along the Danube, in pursuance of the orders of Napoleon.

A grenadier company of the 100th regiment led the van. The weather was cold and blustering. Leaden clouds hung on the river, and eddying gusts dashed the black sullen billows with foam. Rain had fallen recently, the roads were wet and miry, and altogether, circumstances were combined that would have struck a chill to the hearts of any but French soldiers.

"How do you like this, *blanc-bec* (smooth-face)!" asked an old grenadier, of a tall and stout, but very young man beside him. "There is more shoe-leather than cartridges consumed in this campaign."

"I am ready to go wherever the emperor orders."

"You wouldn't be a soldier else, youngster. Do you know what the little corporal said to one of us grumblers, that reproached him with giving us more marching than fighting?"

"No."

"Well, I'll tell you. The little corporal said, tweaking my friend by the ear,—'Blockhead, I am using your legs to spare your blood.' But comrade, for my part, I'd rather be bled a little now and then, than be kept tramping over the universe. Cæsar Bonbon's legs are getting a little stiff, and when you've marched as many leagues as I have, Claude, you'll be glad to enjoy a halt and a little comfortable fighting. But now I look at you, you seem down in the mouth; you're not afraid, I hope."

"Afraid!" replied the young man, scornfully. "Did I show the white feather in the last battle?"

"Battle! zounds!" cried the old grenadier; "do you call that skirmish a battle! Why, it wasn't even an affair. Wait till you see such a ball as the little corporal will give us one of these days, with a hundred thousand men and five hundred pieces of artillery against us. *Mille tonnerres!* That's worth living for."

"Do you anticipate any such sort of affair?" asked the conscript.

"Listen, young man. The emperors of Austria and Russia are trying to join their forces against us. Our emperor is manœuvering to outwit them; it's well enough to avoid such tremendous odds. We can whip the combined army, but it would be more agreeable to annihilate one after destroying the other. Enough is as good as a feast. Still, I should not be surprised if we had the Russians and Austrians on our hands at once. But you don't brighten up at that idea. What's the matter with you?"

"Just now," said the conscript, with a sigh, "I was thinking of home—of my mother, and, and," he faltered.

"Your sweetheart," said the old grenadier. "Well, well, boys will be boys. Even the emperor, they say, thinks often of his Josephine, and wastes his valuable time in writing letters to her. Pshaw! But you spoke of your mother. I had a mother once. When we went to Egypt she gave me her blessing. As soon as I could quit the ranks, after my return, I hastened to her cottage. She was not there, comrade. They showed me where she was laid. A pleasant place enough and quiet, in the shadow of the old village church beneath a weeping willow. After visiting Italy, I came back once more. There was no one to welcome me then. I had plenty of gold in my pocket, and had she been alive, I could have stayed at home and made her comfortable and happy. But I gave the money to a townsman who made her a monument of white marble, spotless as her heart, and there you may read her name and my father's, with a word or two to tell the world who and what they were. But I shall never lie there. No, no, Cæsar Bonbon's bones will bleach upon some lonely battle-field. I had no sweetheart to make up to me for my mother's loss, and so hearing the emperor was going to take the field again, I buckled on my haversack, shouldered Brown Bess once more, and here I am following the eagles."

"But for this war, I should have married Pauline, this coming Christmas," said the conscript.

"Bah! time enough for that," said the grenadier. "And who knows but Christmas may find us once more upon the banks of the Seine! The little corporal makes quick work when he sets about campaigning. And you may depend upon it, he is as eager to return to Josephine as you are to see Pauline."

At this point of their dialogue, the column was halted. They had been marching along the left bank of the Danube towards Stein and Krems. Restricted and rocky as their pathway had been, it now became so narrow that only two men could march abreast. On the left side the banks rose high and precipitous, like a wall built by human hands; on the right flowed the broad and deep Danube, which would have afforded an easy method of transporting the troops to their destination, had there been any boats. But one alone was to be found. In this Marshal Mortier embarked his two eight-pounders, the only guns belonging to his column, with orders to the officer and men who had them in charge, to land them in Diernstein.

The marshal had divided his corps into two columns, and was now with the first, the other following at a day's interval. General Gazan's division, in the ranks of which were our young conscript and his friend, composing the first column, consisted of the 4th light infantry, the 100th and 103d of the line, and a squadron of the 4th regiment of dragoons.

After the embarkation of the guns, orders were given to march, and the column moved on along the narrow pathway in good order, passed through Diernstein without halting, and took up a position to the left of the little village of Loiben. It was ten o'clock in the evening when the little column of four thousand troops halted for the night. To the east lay the villages of Stein and Krems, to the west, Diernstein, which they had just traversed by a gateway pierced in a wall, which extended from the Danube to the steep heights on the left. These rocky heights extended in a semi-circle crowned with wood, and enclosed the small plain, on one side of which the French camp lay.

On establishing his head quarters, the marshal sent for some peasantry, and eagerly sought information respecting the enemy, but he could not learn that any considerable force was in the neighborhood. Everything was quiet.

Worn out with a fatiguing march, Claude Marly, our young conscript, fell asleep as soon as he had thrown himself upon the ground. He was dreaming of home, when he was suddenly awakened by a rough hand laid upon his shoulder.

"*Qui va la?*" he shouted.

"Hush, it's only me—Cæsar Bonbon," said the familiar voice of the grenadier.

"It is n't day yet," said the conscript.

"No, but it can't be far from it," said the grenadier. "It's dark as pitch now,—not a star to be seen—and whew! how cold it is. Excuse me, for disturbing you, comrade, but I have something on my mind, and I must out with it. I have a sort of presentiment that this day I shall lose my rations."

"What do you mean, comrade?" cried the conscript. "There is no prospect of an engagement. The peasantry declare that there is no enemy at hand."

"They are confounded liars," grumbled Cæsar. "Just now as I was lying with my ear to the ground, I thought I heard the distant rumble of artillery wheels."

"It was only the wind moaning through the branches of the forest trees, or the hoarse murmur of the Danube."

"God grant it may have been that only. But I can't help thinking what a place this would would be for a surprise, provided the enemy were in sufficient force to attempt it. On three sides steep hills, the Danube without boats on the other. It is a regular mouse-trap. What if those Russian devils were in the neighborhood, and had let us march into it, and here attacked us?"

"We would sell our lives dearly," cried the conscript.

"O, *cela va sans dire*, that's a matter of course," said the grenadier; "but not one of us would escape to tell the tale. I hope all will turn out for the best, but I never yet had the feeling that takes hold of me just now. Now Claude, just listen a bit to me, my boy. What do you think I carry in my cartouch-box?"

"Ammunition, to be sure."

"You're a conjurer, boy," said the old grenadier. "Ball cartridges, of course—but what else?"

"How should I know?"

"Something heavier than lead, my boy, and rather more valuable; four rouleaux of gold—a little fortune. Now I carry 'em about with me from mere force of habit, for what can I do with money? I'm tired of carrying such a useless weight, and so I've taken the liberty of putting 'em into your cartouch-box, my boy."

"I'll take care of them, Cæsar."

"Thank you, now take this paper—put it in your breast, and keep it safe. If anything should happen to me, read that, and you'll know that Cæsar Bonbon, of the 100th grenadiers of the line, was your friend. And gave you all he had to give, that's all."

"But Cæsar,"—whatever the young man was about to utter, was cut short. A dozen flashes of blinding light, like so many forked tongues of lightning bursting from a range of low-hung clouds, gleamed on the heights that commanded the French camp, and was instantly followed by a crashing detonation that shook the very hills.

"The Russians!" cried Cæsar, starting to his feet. "Claude, I was not mistaken."

In an instant the drums beat to arms. The clash of muskets, the tramp of hurried feet, the clanking of sabres as staff officers and dragoons mounted in hot haste, the short stern words of command, were heard through the encampment. Ever and anon, the heavy booming of artillery broke upon the ear, and an occasional deep groan showed that the fire was beginning to prove effective.

The day broke sullenly and full of presage, and just as objects at a distance began to be dimly distinguishable, a line of the enemy's *tirailleurs* descended from the heights, and were seen hotly engaged with the French outposts. The rapid crackling of the musketry, and the vivid flashes that lit up the line of skirmishers showed how warmly the contest was raging. The French outposts were soon driven in. Meanwhile, battalions of the enemy were seen defiling from the woods above Diernstein.

General Gazan, attacked by a column of the enemy, nobly held his ground. The Russian general, discovering his inability to shake him in that quarter, sent some battalions to attack him on the right, but the 103d regiment rushing fiercely upon them, and taking them in flank, repulsed them with severe loss. Still more battalions were poured forth upon the French, and the village of Loiben was taken by the Russians. They were soon, however, forced to yield it to the impetuous attack of the French troops, who succeeded in out-flanking them, slaughtering hundreds, and making thousands prisoners.

But the Russian forces were apparently inexhaustible; thirty thousand of the enemy seemed to threaten the four thousand Frenchmen with annihilation. In this crisis, Mortier despatched the most urgent orders to Gen. Dupont, who commanded the second column, and was, as we have remarked, a day's march in the rear, to hurry up his reinforcements, and save his beleagured brethren.

The Russian troops prodigiously outnumbered the Frenchmen, and were posted in front, flank and rear, the great mass of them being on the side of Diernstein, and all seeming to wait, like vultures, the moment for swooping down on their prey and devouring them.

The marshal and the general in command of the division, assembled the commanding officers of the different corps, and held council on their perilous position. Their most anxious thoughts suggested no way of escape. It was evident they had marched into an extricable position. After a mournful pause, one faltering voice alone was heard to propose a capitulation. A universal cry of indignation drowned the proposition.

"Hush, gentlemen," said Marshal Mortier. "The officer who spoke cannot have considered his words. Capitulate! What, we, the victors of Albeck and Elchingen, lay down our arms before these insolent Russians, brave only in the consciousness of their overwhelming numbers? No, my mind is made up, and I know the whole division will sustain me to a man. We will die sword in hand, rather than surrender."

A hearty cheer responded to the declaration of the marshal.

Meanwhile, Major Henriod, commanding the 100th regiment of the line, sat on his horse, calm, but sorrowful, surveying his ranks, thinned by the engagement of the morning, and reflecting mournfully that the fate of his brave command was sealed, when Cæsar Bonbon, on whom the officer's eye rested for a moment, raised his hand to his cap.

"You wish to speak to me, comrade?" said the major. And he beckoned the grenadier to approach him.

Cæsar stepped out from the ranks and halted close to the major's horse.

"Now, Cæsar, what is it? Speak out, my brave man."

"Beg pardon, major, but just cast your eye at the head of the enemy's column—that deploying from the heights of Diernstein, I mean. What do you think of 'em?"

"I think there's enough of 'em to devour us, Cæsar."

"Yes, sir; but do you see his blunder?"

"Not exactly."

"*Mille tonnerres!* Don't you see he is going to advance by that walled road, that only admits of marching eight or nine deep? What's to prevent our giving him the bayonet—or rather the fire and cold steel at once? When a section has fired and charged, it can scale the parapet and retire to the rear, leaving a fresh section to repeat the dose. *Diable!* it's worth trying, major."

"You are right, Cæsar," cried the major, catching the idea.

"You have saved us, and I can promise you the cross of honor from the emperor's own hand."

"I shall never live to see it," said the grenadier, shaking his head. "The bullet is cast that'll do my business. I feel it in my bones." And he fell back into the ranks.

Henriod struck his spurs into his horse, galloped to the marshal, and explained the daring project of the grenadier. The quick mind of the marshal caught at the suggestion as the only hope of safety, and he issued the necessary orders.

The major flew back to his column, and reined up at their head.

"Comrades," cried he, "we are enveloped by thirty thousand Russians, and we are only four thousand strong. But Frenchmen never count their enemies. We will pass over their bodies. Grenadiers of the 100th regiment, you have the honor of charging first. Remember that to you belongs the salvation of the French eagles."

A loud cheer responded to this brief address.

"We are all grenadiers, major," cried the regiment.

The enemy were now advancing along the walled road. The hundredth regiment was formed in columns of attack, Marshal Mortier, General Gazan and the staff occupying the interval between the first and second battalions.

The two eight pounders, discharged, for the last time the ammunition being exhausted, at the prolongation of the walls, brought down the huge stones upon the head of the Russian column and shook it for a moment. Profiting by this pause, the drums beat to the charge, and the gallant major, spurring to the head of the column, waved his flashing sword and shouted, high above the roll of the drums:

"No quarters! they are Russians!"

The column dashed onward impetuously. A blaze of fire leaped from the head of the Russian column.

"Farewell, Claude!" cried a voice. They were the last words of Cæsar Bonbon, who alone fell at the fire. The regiment rushed on with cries of vengeance.

The first section plunged their bayonets in the bodies of the Russians, discharging their muskets at the same time. A deep detonation that sent a thrill of horror through the enemy's column, was followed by the fall of their leading men. Their work of death accomplished, the first section lightly scaled the wall, and passed to the rear, leaving their comrades to continue their task. But such was the fiery impetuosity of the French column, that they pressed the leading section so close that the latter were compelled to unfix their bayonets and use them as poignards, dealing a death wound at every stroke. Pressing onward, the fiety grenadiers soon piled the narrow road with dead. The recoil of the leading sections of the Russian column threw complete disorder into its whole length.

Night had fallen on the struggle—a pitchy night, only illuminated by the frequent blaze of musketry, and rendered appalling by the low groans of the wounded. For nearly an hour did this frightful hand-to-hand butchery endure, and then the Russian column disbanded, and fled in every direction towards Stein, and along the great road to Moravia. In the midst of the dreadful confusion, some fugitive Russians, to procure light for the pathway of their panic route, set fire to the village of Loiben, and the cries of more than five hundred wounded who had been left there after the battle of the morning, crowned the scene of desolating horror. The sweeping tide of the flying infantry carried away the Russian horse, and the rout of the enemy was complete. Dupont's division arrived in the evening, but the French column was saved before it reached them.

At dead of night a mournful band slowly crossed the field of battle. At their head marched the conscript Claude, carrying a torch, deep sorrow depicted on his handsome features. Four grenadiers of the 100th regiment bore upon their shoulders the lifeless body of the bravest of the brave—poor Cæsar Bonbon. The regiment received it under arms. No words were spoken, but in solemn silence a grave was dug; wrapped in a military cloak the body was committed to its last resting-place—the sods were replaced, and a farewell volley spoke the soldier's requiem.

Claude Marly was at Austerlitz and severely wounded in that crowning battle of the campaign. Yet he survived his wounds, was transported to his mother's house, and his hours of convalescence were cheered by the constant presence of his beloved Pauline, whom the legacy of the old grenadier enabled him to marry; and whenever a visitor inquired why he kept a certain old cartouch-box hanging up above the mantel-piece, he would tell him the story of Cæsar Bonbon and the battle of Diernstein.

BURTON.

Burton's Theatre was originally, a bath-house, and was afterwards turned into an Italian opera-house, in the management of which a good deal of money was lost, and Palmo, the proprietor, ruined. Burton then took possession of it, and made a fortune. It was the first instance in which a theatre in this city had fallen into the hands of a manager of scholarly attainments and artistic instincts, and the result of his management shows what may be effected by talent turned in the right direction. Mr. Burton has not only enriched himself, but has done the public a service, by affording them a place of harmless and elevating amusement. One of the first pieces that he put upon his stage was Milton's Comus, which gave the public assurance that the new manager was a person of education and refinement; and the uniform good judgment shown by him in the pieces he has selected, and the superior manner in which they have been costumed, have made his theatre a superior place of intellectual entertainment for people of educated tastes. Mr. Burton is one of the best low comedians on the stage, and is himself, one of the strongest attractions of his theatre. But, like a true artist, he never hesitates to take a subordinate part, when it is necessary to give completeness and effect to a performance. He has a devoted attachment to his art, and goes through with his nightly performances, sometimes appearing in three different pieces, with a degree of vigor and careful attention to all the minute accessories of his part, which we could only look for in an enthusiastic acolyte in the temple of art. Mr. Burton is an Englishman; but, unlike most of his countrymen, he left his native country behind him, when he crossed the Atlantic, and became thoroughly American in his feelings. He was bred to the profession of a printer, and after his arrival in this country, engaged in several literary enterprises. He established the Gentleman's Magazine, now called Graham's.—*Putnam's Magazine.*

FORGOT HOW TO MIX IT.

An old fellow in Missouri, who was in the habit of "not belonging to the temperance society," was caught in the act of taking a nip one day before a young Virginian.

"What do you drink?" asked the latter.

"Brandy and water," was the reply.

"Why don't you drink mint juleps?"

"Mint juleps?" queried the old man. "Why what in the name of drinks is that?"

"A most delicious drink," was the answer, "and I'll show you how to make it, as I see you have mint growing almost at your door."

The young fellow soon produced the julep, and the old man was delighted with it.

About a month after, on his return home, the Virginian thought he would stop at his old friend's and "indulge," but judge of his surprise, when his inquiries at the door for his friend were answered by an aged female darkey, with:

"O massa's dead and gone dis two weeks!"

"Dead!" exclaimed the young man, "why how strange! What did he die of?"

"O, I d'no," returned the woman, "only a fellow came along about a month ago and larnt him to drink *grass in de rum* and it killed him in two weeks."—*Lawrence Sentinel.*

GOOD ADVICE.

Girls, let me tell you a stubborn truth. No young woman ever looked so well to a sensible man, as when dressed in a neat, plain, modest attire, without a single ornament about her person. She looks then as though she possessed worth in herself, and needed no artificial rigging to enhance her value. If a young woman would spend as much time in cultivating her mind, training her temper, and cherishing kindness, meekness, mercy and other good qualities, as most of them do in extra dress and ornaments to increase their personal charms, she would at a glance, be known among a thousand. Her character would be read in her countenance.—*Portland Pleasure Boat.*

◆

You destroy your first benefits, if you do not take care to sustain them with second ones. Oblige an hundred times, refuse once; the refusal only will remain in the mind.—*Pliny.*

Jester's Picnic.

This is a world of singular vicissitudes. Five years ago, Smash, of the firm of Smash, Slam & Co., commenced, "going up." Three years ago Smash was a millionaire. Smash to-day is nobody. The panic in the money market punctured the bubble of his magnificence. A short time ago Smash was one of the great guns of Wall street. Smash now acts as *first groom* to an oyster chariot. Last year Smash could get "just what he wanted;" to-day, he wants whatever he can get. The same words, but differently arranged.

A green-horn, from somewhere, standing carelessly upon the end of one of the East River piers, watching a Brooklyn ferry-boat, accidentally lost his equilibrium and found himself suddenly in the "damp." He, however, soon clambered up again; and while blowing off the superfluous brine, he was asked by a bystander how he relished old Neptune's soup, to which he replied:

"Wal, I hain't got much agin it; but all I have to say is, that whoever put the salt in *wara't a bit stingy.*"

The subject of first sight was being "talked over" at the supper table when the lady who presided "over the cups and tea," said that she "always formed an idea of a person at first sight; and that idea she found usually a correct one."

"Mamma," said her youngest son, in a shrill voice that attracted the attention of all present.

"Well, my dear," said the fond mother, "what do you want?"

"I want to know," said young America, "what you thought *when you first saw* ME."

"Tom, why did you not marry Miss G——?"

"O, she had a sort of hesitancy in her speech, and so I left her."

"A hesitancy in her speech; I never heard that before—are you not mistaken?"

"No—not at all, for when I asked her if she would have me, she kinder hesitated to say *yes*, and she hesitated so long, that I cut out for another gal."

Courting in the country is altogether a different institution from the city article. In the former place you get rosy lips, sweet cider, johnny cakes, and girls made by nature; and in the latter, a collection of starched phrases, formal manners, fine silk, paste jewelry, and girls got up *secundum artem.* Always take to the rural districts when you want to get a good style of calico.

"Well, neighbor, what is the most christian news this morning?" said a gentleman of Providence, to his friend.

"I have bought a barrel of flour for a poor woman."

"Ah! just like you. Who is it that you have made happy by this charity?"

"My wife!"

A young blood over in Hoosierdom, wishing to get a chance to tell one of the fair ones what he thought of her, donned his best looks, and addressed her in this wise: "Miss, can I have the exquisite pleasure of rolling the wheel of conversation round the axle-tree of your understanding, a few minutes this evening?" The young lady fainted.

A gentleman talking to another on the subject of marriage, made the following observation: "I first saw my wife in a storm; carried her to a ball in a storm; courted her in a storm; was published to her in a storm; married in a storm; lived in a storm all her life; but, thank heaven, I buried her in pleasant weather."

Charles Lamb, sitting next some chattering woman at dinner, observing that he did not attend to her, "You don't seem (said the lady) to be at all the better for what I have been saying to you." "No, ma'am (he answered), but this gentleman the other side of me must, for it all came in at one ear and went out at the other."

A chap stepped into a store down east, where liquor was kept for "medicinal and mechanical" purposes, and produced a large bottle which he desired to have filled. Upon being asked for what purpose he wanted it, he said "mechanical—he was going to make an ox-yoke in the afternoon!"

A French wife wrote this affectionate, and laconic letter to her husband: "*Je vous ecris parceque je n'ai rien a faire: Je finis parceque je n'ai rien a dire.*" "I write to you, because I have nothing to do: I end my letter, because I have nothing to say."

Punch is a good doctor at times. He gives the following for the benefit of wart-wearers: "Put your mouth close to the wart, and tell it in a whisper that if it will not go away you will burn it out with caustic. If it does not take the hint be as good as your word."

A miserly old fellow, down east, has hit upon an experiment to save candles. He uses the "light of other days."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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